

# SUSPENSE

COMICS

NO.  
11

10¢

This Stands for Honorable Service  
to Our Country





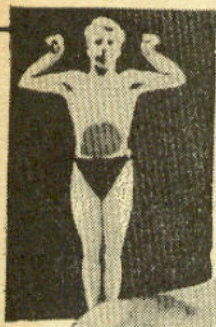


WEB COMIC  
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# GEORGE F. JOWETT

Puny weak and sickly condemned to die at 15, remodeled and rebuilt his own body to magnificent proportions and size and became the World's Record Holder for Strength. Let him make you over into a he-man of might and muscle.



"In 10 minutes a day—in your own home  
let me **REBUILD YOUR**  
**Arms, Chest, Back, Legs and Grip!**

Let me make **YOU**  
**TOUGH as a**  
**MARINE**  
from head to toe—**COMPLETE**  
says  
**George F. Jowett**

World's Mightiest Builder of Men and  
Holder of More Strength Records  
Than Any Living Athlete or Teacher

## READ:—

What these one-time  
weaklings say about this  
amazing man JOWETT:—

### 100-lb. Weakling to Man of Might

"I weighed less than 100  
lbs., but I achieved power,  
strength, health and a mighty  
body and build by following  
Jowett methods.

James Dagestino

### Becomes 180-lb. Giant

"I began with Jowett when  
I was little more than 125.  
I developed my chest from  
33" to 44" and my biceps  
from 12½ to 16". I'm for  
Jowett."

Fred Jergensen

### Gained 40 Mighty Pounds

"I had an injury requiring  
20 stitches when I started on  
the Jowett method. I'm fully  
recovered, my body is a Power  
House and I can lick my weight  
in Wildcats."

Sam Lupo

### Becomes Strong Man Model

"I was skinny, long and lanky,  
less than 130 lbs. Now I'm a  
200-lb. Artists Model and  
powerfully developed in every  
way thanks to Jowett."

Ralph Shatz

Let me give you the astonishing secrets that rebuilt me from a skinny, sickly wreck at 15 into the holder of more strength records than any other athlete or teacher. Let me do for you what I've done for myself and for thousands of men and boys, many of whom tell me how grateful they are because I saved them from the shame of their poor, scrawny, puny bodies and gave them instead might and power, vital strength and health; big, handsome bodies they were proud of. Give me Just 10 Minutes a Day and let my Proven Progressive Power Method Pack your Body with Power and Might, with Solid Walls of Muscle to replace your Flabby Flesh!

**You'll Gain INCHES and POUNDS of Steel Spring  
Muscle . . . or I Don't Want a Cent of Your Money!**

The Astonishing Professional Secrets revealed in  
Jowett's World Famous **PROGRESSIVE POWER**  
**METHOD** have re-made thousands of scrawny weak-  
lings and lightweights into Big, Husky He-Men of  
Might and Muscle. Build and Power. Let me prove to  
YOU that you can put inches of dynamic muscles on  
your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your  
shoulders and power-pack the rest of your body. I  
want to do for you what I've done for thousands like

world over, including many officers and men now in  
the U. S. and British Armed Forces!

No matter how skinny or flabby you are, you can  
learn my methods right in your own home. Through  
my proved secrets I show you how to develop your  
power, inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied  
that you are the man you want to be. "The Jowett  
System", says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic  
City, "is the greatest in the world!"

**Muscular Magic for ARMS, CHEST, BACK, LEGS and GRIP  
LAST CHANCE TO GET ALL 5 FAMOUS PICTURE COURSES FOR \$1**

Let me build your whole body into  
meat and muscle; make you every  
inch a big powerful he-man  
for men and women to ad-  
mire. Mail coupon now!

SEND NOW FOR THESE FAMOUS COURSES (In Book Form)

NOW **25c** each. **5** for **\$1**  
ONLY **ALL 5** ONLY **1**

Jowett's Photo Book  
of Famous Strong Men **FREE!**



This amazing book has guided thou-  
sands of weaklings to muscular  
power. Packed with photos of  
miracle men of might and mus-  
cle who started perhaps weaker  
than you are. Read the  
thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength  
that inspired his pupils to follow him.  
They'll show you the best way to might  
and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book  
of PHOTOS of FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

**FREE GIFT COUPON!**

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture  
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 940, New York 1, N. Y.

George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send  
by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for  
which I enclose ( ) Include FREE book of PHOTOS.

☐ All 5 courses for \$1 ☐ Molding Mighty Legs 25c  
☐ Molding a Mighty Arm 25c ☐ Molding a Mighty Grip 25c  
☐ Molding a Mighty Back 25c ☐ Molding a Mighty Chest 25c  
☐ Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less  
than \$1 sent C.O.D.

**YOU, TOO, CAN BUILD YOURSELF A MIGHTY BODY!**

**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**

230 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. 940, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

(Please Print Plainly. Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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# AFTER I MURDERED SANDRA

THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME I THOUGHT I FELT HIS PRESENCE... A FEW MINUTES AFTER I MURDERED SANDRA! I HAD A FEELING THAT HE PLACED A HAND ON MY SHOULDER AFTER I COMMITTED THE PERFECT MURDER! SINCE I WAS TOTALLY BEYOND FEAR, I KNEW IT WAS MY IMAGINATION! OF COURSE, I DIDN'T KNOW HER NAME WAS SANDRA THEN.....



WRITTEN BY  
VICK CROOKS

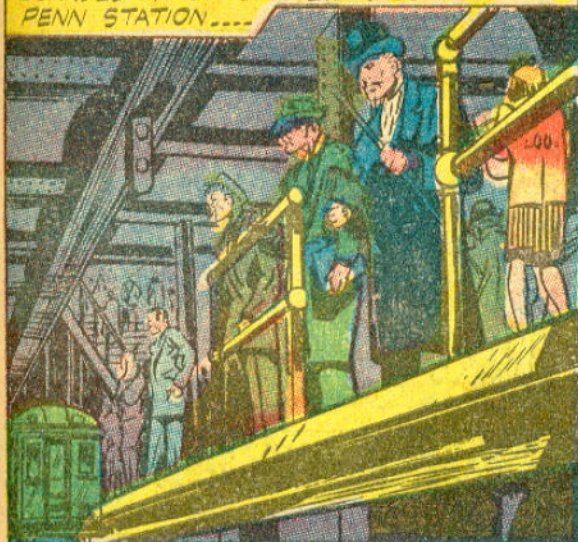


Last night  
the idea came  
to me after  
fighting a war,  
writing tame,  
very tame, so  
I decided to commit  
the perfect crime  
for a long time  
had known be  
a thing to do  
possible, despite  
the vapourings of  
so-called  
criminals-  
gists

IT'S VERY SIMPLE! MY VICTIM SHALL BE SOME-ONE WHOM I'VE NEVER SEEN... THUS THERE CAN BE NO CONNECTION. NOW, TO RETURN TO THE CLUB'S GUN-ROOM!



... I MINGLED WITH THE CROWD AND  
BOARDED AN UPTOWN EXPRESS AT  
PENN STATION....



... I DISEMBARKED AT TIMES SQUARE, AND  
WALKED SLOWLY NORTH TO FIFTY-SECOND STREET.



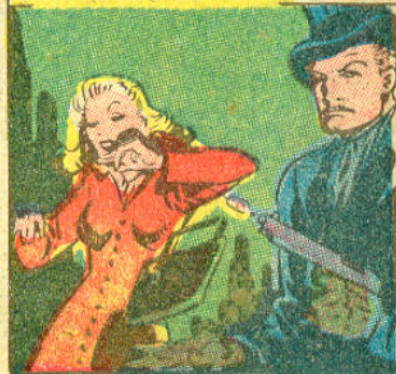
... THE BROWN-OUT HELPED,  
AND THE CURFEW HAD SENT  
MOST PEOPLE HOME  
EARLY, NOW WAS THE TIME



... MY BATTLE-KEEN EARS TOLD  
ME THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE  
IN THE BLOCK....



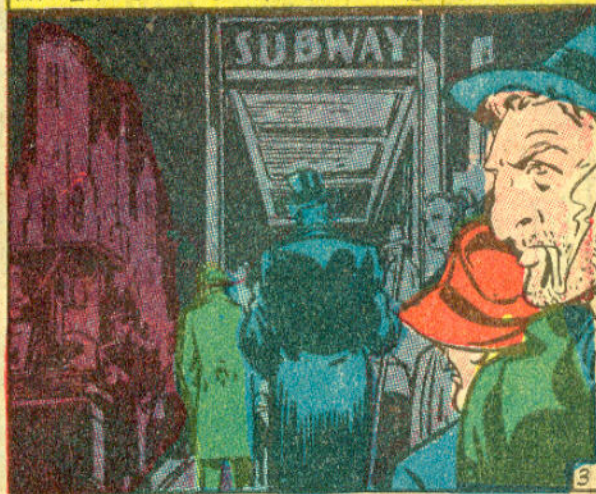
... AS SHE DREW NEAR, I  
TOOK OUT THE AUTO-  
MATIC AND SHOT HER IN  
THE FOREHEAD!



... I CALMLY POCKETED THE GUN, AND AGAIN  
WALKED LEISURELY TO BROADWAY WHERE I  
MINGLED WITH THE CROWD, UNNOTICED. I  
DOUBT IF THE SHOT WAS HEARD, AS THE  
CITY IS FULL OF STRANGE NOISES!

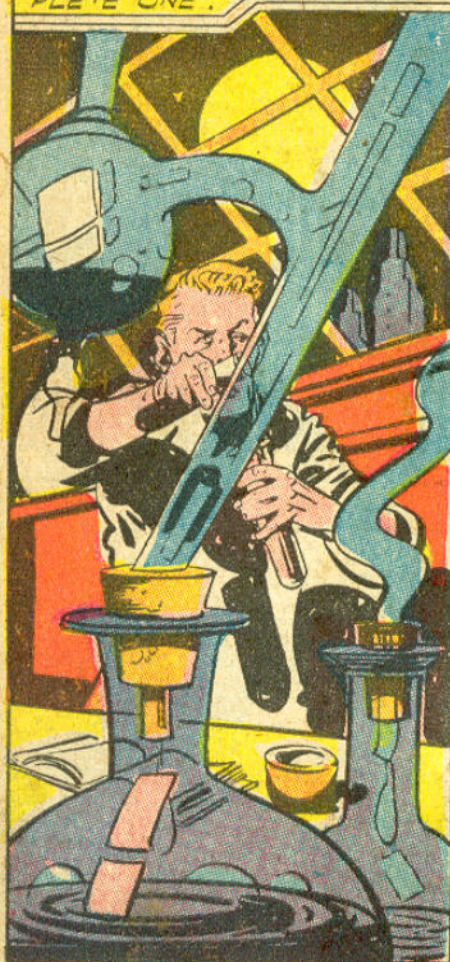


... MAKING MY WAY THROUGH THE THROG,  
I BOARDED A SOUTHBOUND LOCAL, HEAD-  
ING FOR MY LAB ON TWENTY-FIFTH  
STREET. BEING A WEALTHY AND PROM-  
INENT WRITER, FEW PEOPLE PAID ANY  
ATTENTION TO MY ODD HABITS....

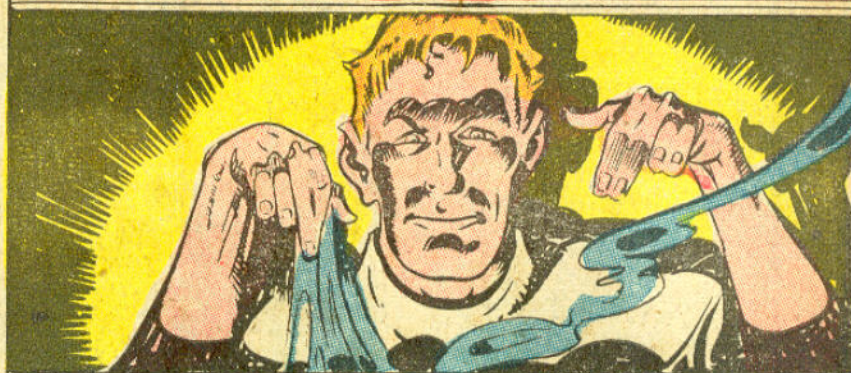




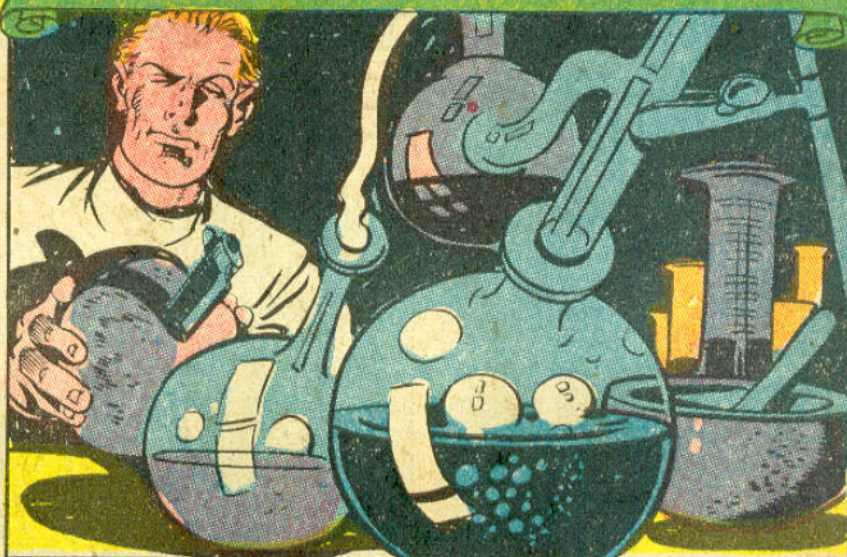
...MY HOBBY OF DABBLING IN CHEMISTRY HAD HELPED ME MANY TIMES IN WRITING ABOUT MURDER, BUT TONIGHT IT WAS TO HELP ME TO COMPLETE ONE!



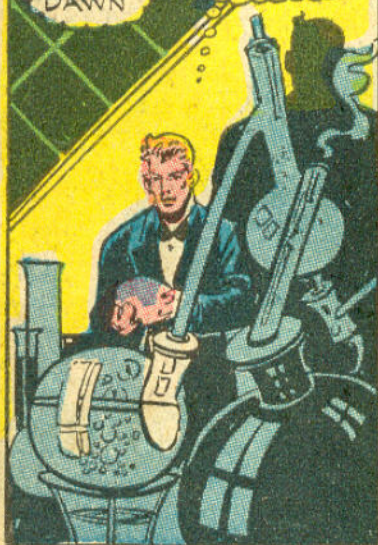
...THE FIRST THING I DID WAS TO SOAK MY HANDS IN PARAFFIN TO BE SURE NO GUNPOWDER HAD BEEN IMBEDDED IN MY PORES.....



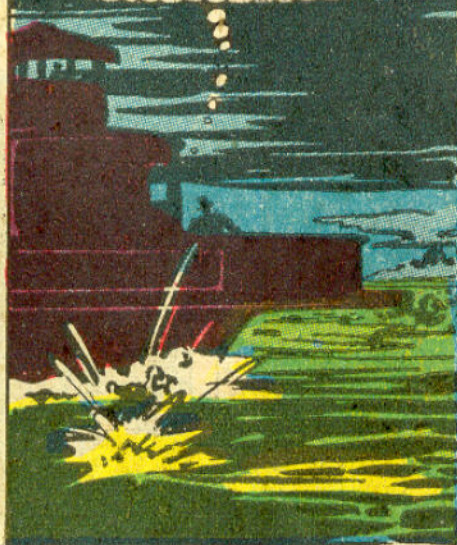
...THEN I PACKED THE MURDER-WEAPON IN CONCRETE TO WHICH A SPECIAL DRIER HAD BEEN ADDED.....



THREE-THIRTY....PLENTY OF TIME TO TAKE THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY, AND BE BACK BEFORE DAWN



EVEN THE GREATEST DREDGE IN THE WORLD WILL NEVER RECOVER THIS WEAPON....



VERY STRANGE! I KNOW I'M ALONE OUT HERE, AND YET I SEEM TO SEE....





OH-HO, THAT STRANGE FEELING AGAIN! HERE'S WHERE MY SENSE OF HUMOR COMES IN! MR. NOBODY, I PRESUME?



YOU COLD-BLOODED MURDERER! YOU SHOT DOWN AN INNOCENT GIRL TO PROVE A STUPID THEORY! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME, HOWEVER... EVEN IF YOU HAVE COMMITTED A "PERFECT MURDER"!



OH, BUT I CAN ESCAPE YOU! YOU'RE JUST A PRODUCT OF MY IMAGINATION! I SIMPLY REFUSE TO BELIEVE IN YOU!

...And that was that. By merely exercising my will, I rejected my imaginative stranger. I came back to the club and slept soundly. Upon awaking, I read the papers and learned the girl's name. It was Sandra Sloan, and the police were baffled, as I knew they would be....



THAT AFTERNOON I DROPPED IN ON MY FRIEND COMMISSIONER MARTIN OF THE HOMICIDE BUREAU TO TEST ANOTHER THEORY...

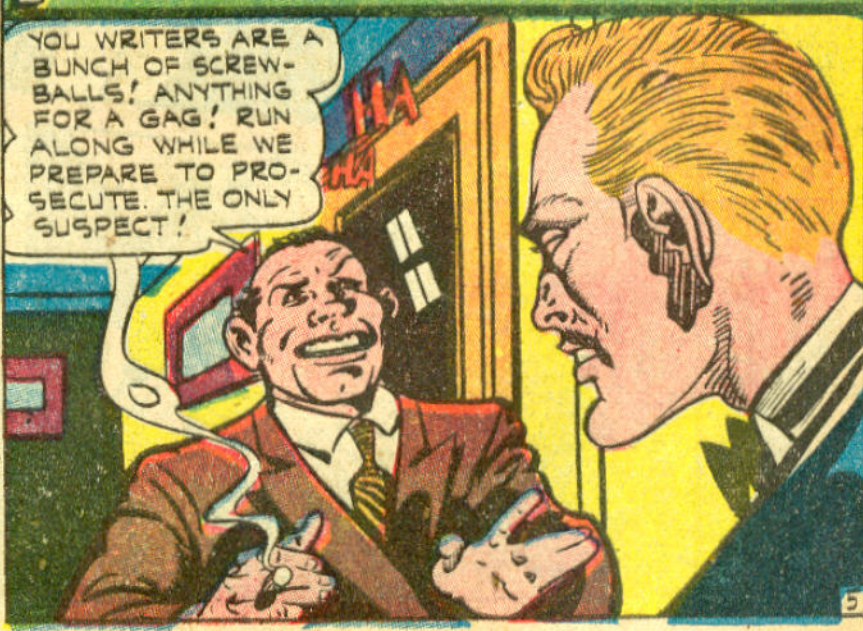
SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL SHOW-GIRL ON HER WAY HOME! WE'VE GOT ONE SUSPECT... A SMALL-TIME GAMBLER THAT USED TO BE HER BOY-FRIEND... BUT THE EVIDENCE IS ONLY CIRCUMSTANTIAL!



I CONFESSED TO THE MURDER, AND TOLD THE ENTIRE STORY.

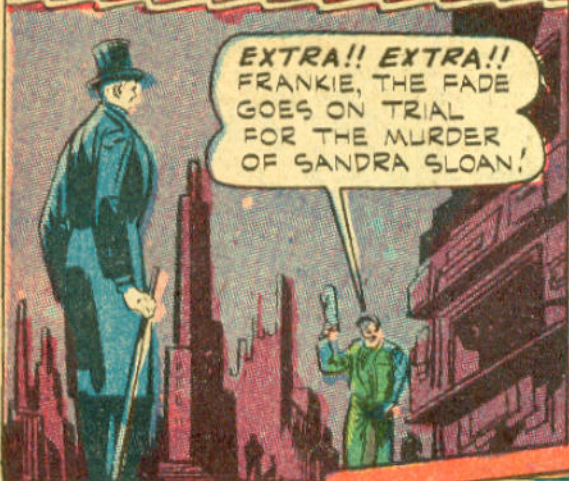


OF COURSE HE DIDN'T BELIEVE ME! I KNEW HE WOULDN'T!





THE TRIAL WAS A SENSATION AS YOU PROBABLY REMEMBER!



EXTRA!! EXTRA!!  
FRANKIE, THE FADE  
GOES ON TRIAL  
FOR THE MURDER  
OF SANDRA SLOAN!

I WENT TO THE TRIAL! I WANTED TO SEE FRANKIE, THE FADE CONVICTED FOR THE MURDER I HAD COMMITTED!



HE'S AS GOOD AS  
COOKED RIGHT  
NOW! WHAT A  
LAUGH!

YOU HAVE NO ALIBI  
FOR YOUR WHERE-  
ABOUTS AT THE  
TIME, FRANKIE... AND  
YOU DO OWN A  
THIRTY-EIGHT COLT!



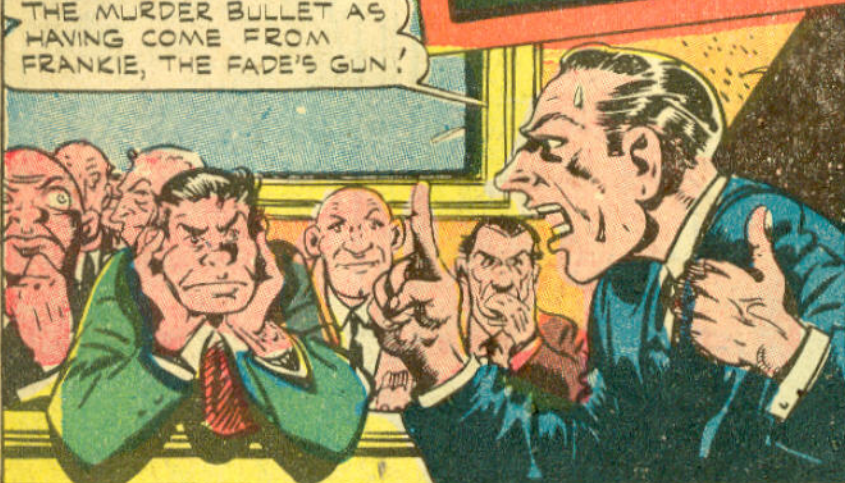
FRANKIE WAS JILTED BY THE  
DECEASED SANDRA SLOAN, AND  
WAS HEARD TO SAY HE WOULD  
KILL HER IF SHE TRIED TO MARRY  
ANYBODY ELSE! HE HAD THE  
OPPORTUNITY... THE  
WEAPON... AND  
THE MOTIVE!



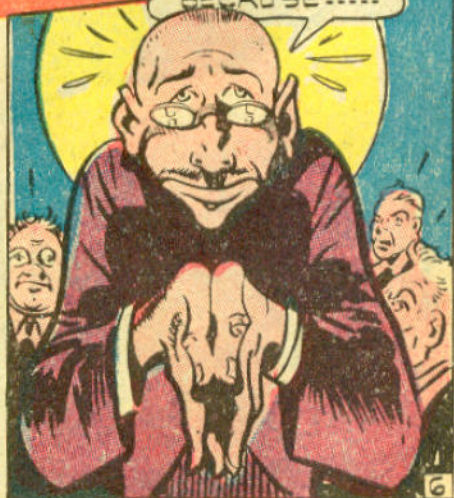
THAT BOY'LL BE  
GOVERNOR SOME  
DAY! HERE'S THE  
DEFENSE ATTORNEY!



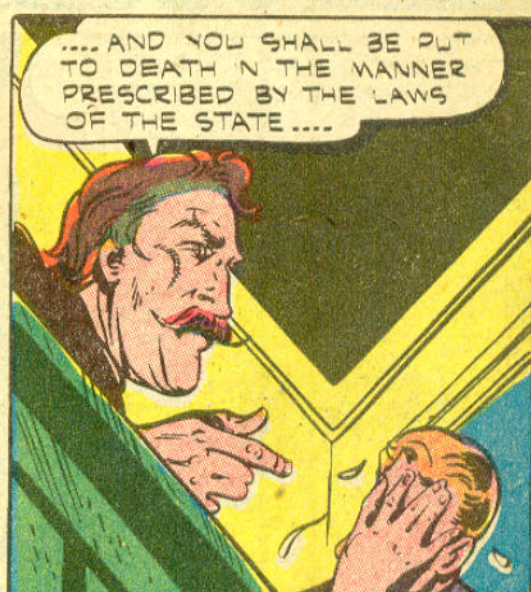
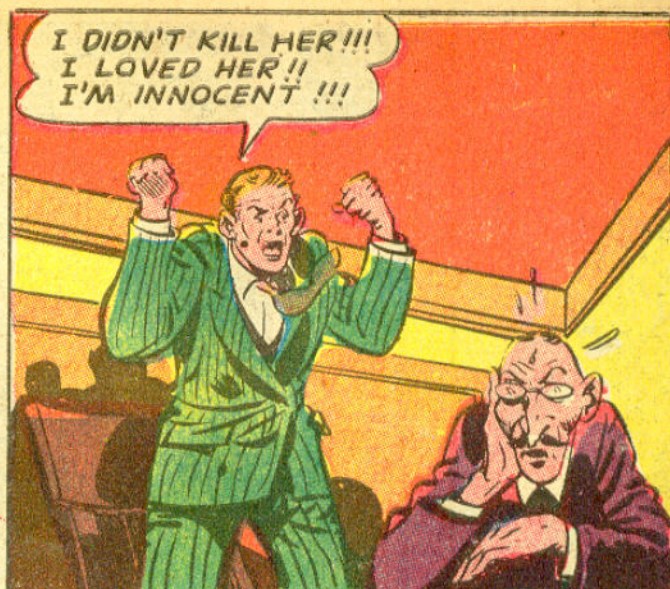
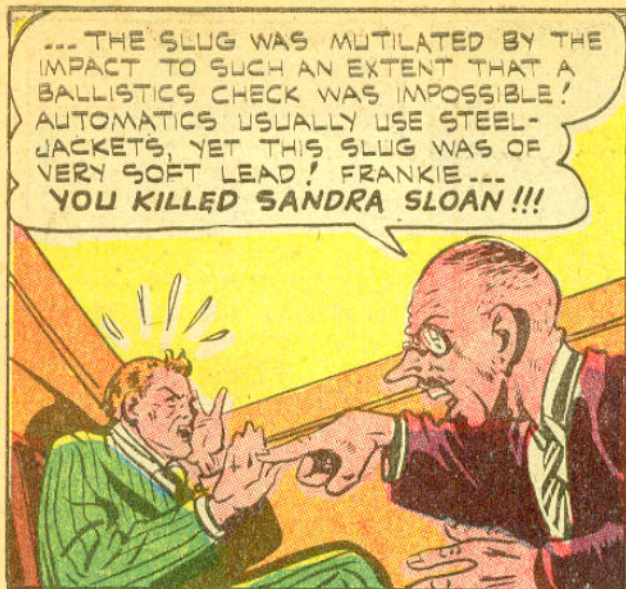
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,  
THE BALLISTICS EXPERTS  
HAVE NOT IDENTIFIED  
THE MURDER BULLET AS  
HAVING COME FROM  
FRANKIE, THE FADE'S GUN!



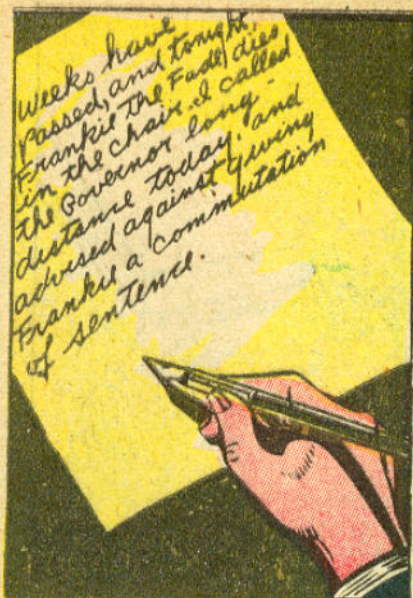
NO, COUNSELLOR,  
THEY HAVEN'T,  
BECAUSE.....











Weeks have passed, and tonight Frankie the Fade dies in the chair. I called the Governor long distance today, and advised against giving Frankie a commutation of sentence.



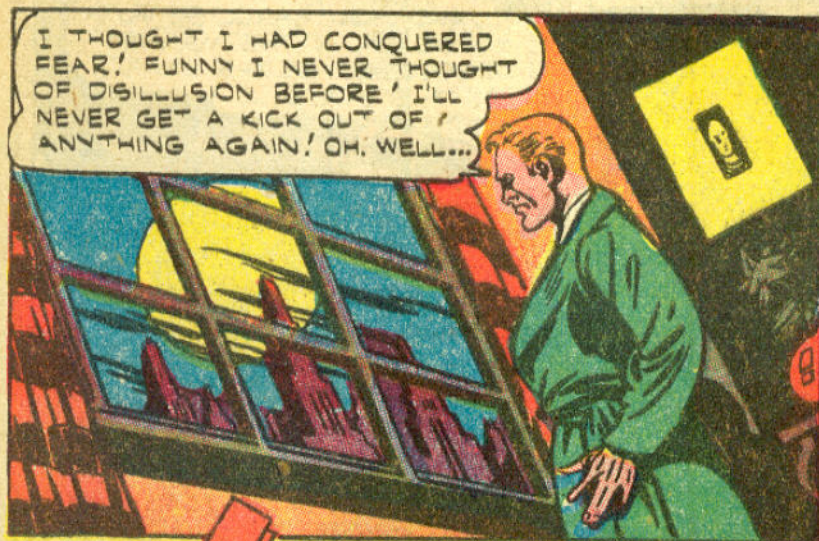
FRANKIE, THE FADE DIES IN CHAIR! SANDRA SLOAN CASE CLOSED!

...AND THEY SAID PERFECT MURDER WAS IMPOSSIBLE!



THAT NIGHT I HAD A STRANGE DREAM... MR. NOBODY AGAIN!

YES, MR. STACEY, YOU HAVE COMMITTED THE PERFECT CRIME, BUT NOW THAT YOU KNOW IT'S POSSIBLE, WHAT'S LEFT FOR YOU?? NOTHING BUT DISILLUSION, MY FRIEND...



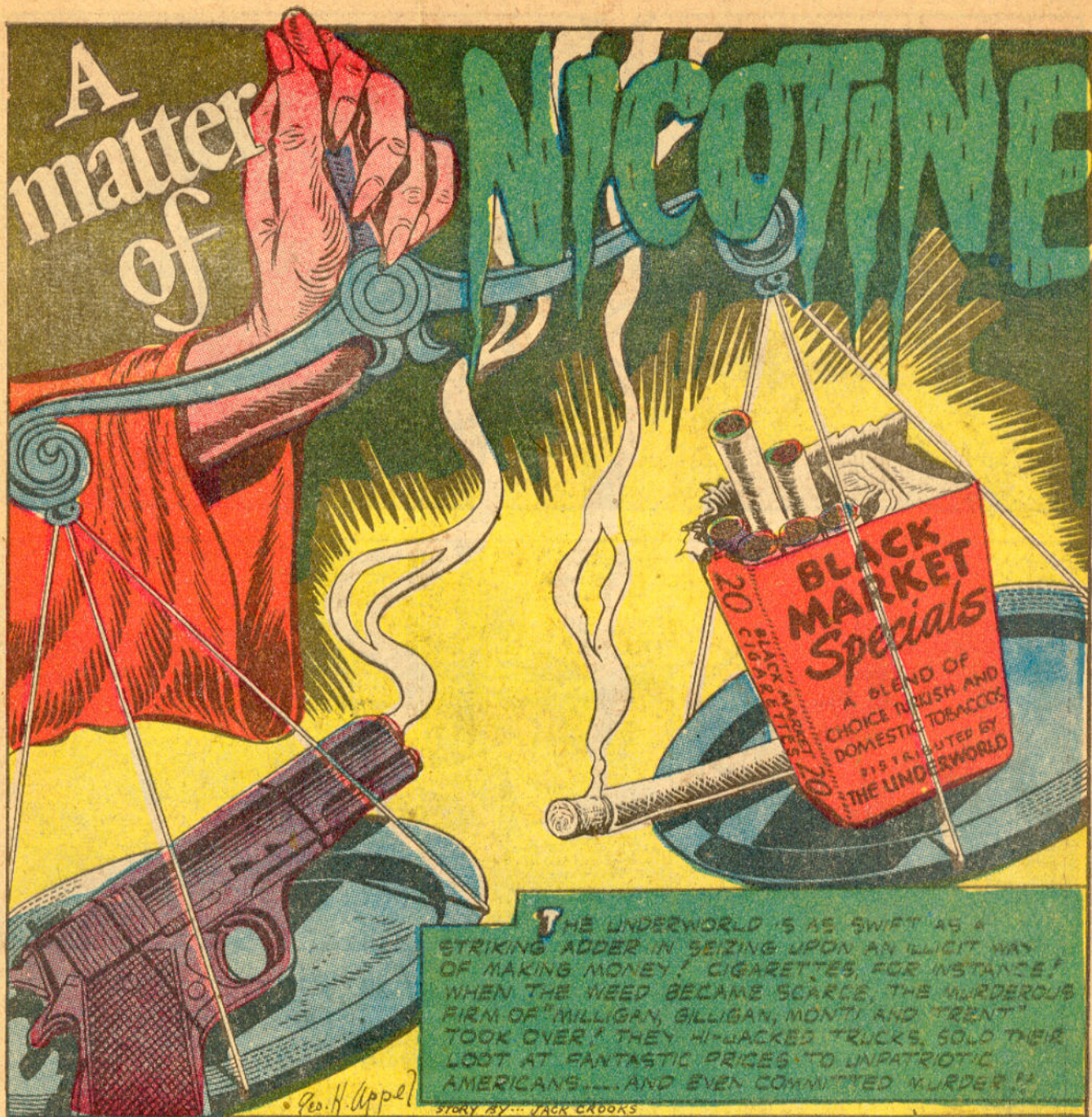
I THOUGHT I HAD CONQUERED FEAR! FUNNY I NEVER THOUGHT OF DISILLUSION BEFORE! I'LL NEVER GET A KICK OUT OF ANYTHING AGAIN! OH, WELL...



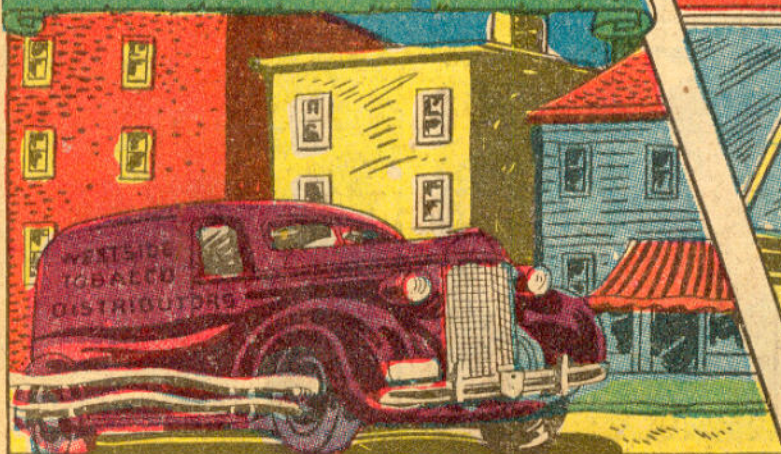
THE PERFECT CRIME! STACEY FINALLY COMMITTED IT... OR DID HE??

THE END

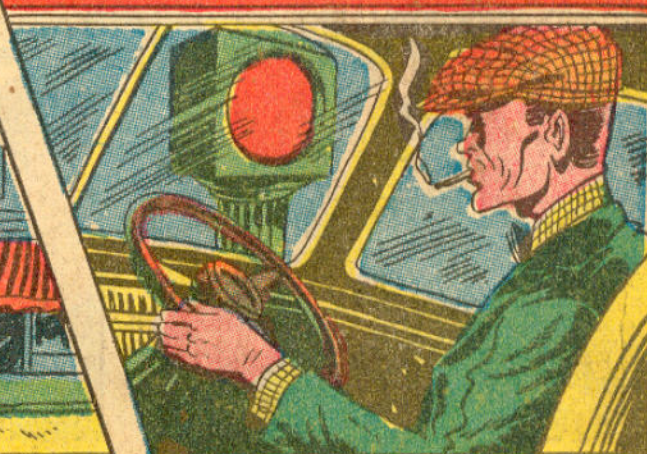




ONE NIGHT, JOE BENDER WAS MAKING LATE DELIVERIES OF THE PRECIOUS LEAF.



STOPPING FOR A TRAFFIC LIGHT... HE LIT A CIGARETTE... WHEN SUDDENLY...







OKAY, SPORT, NERB'S  
WHERE YOU GET OFF!



YOU AINT GOT THE NERVE  
TO SHOOT POLICE!!!

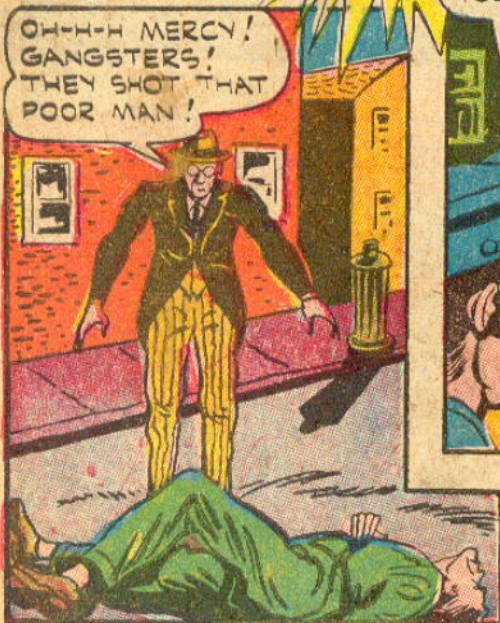


WHY, YER ABSOLUTELY  
BEGGIN' FER IT!  
HERE.....!!

YA SHOULDN'T OF  
BLASTED HIM  
MONTI! THE  
COPS'LL BE  
AFTER US!

HE YELPED,  
DIDN'T HE?  
SOIVES HIM  
RIGHT!

WHADDAYA WORRYIN'  
ABOUT, GILLIGAN?  
NOBODY SAW US!



OH-I-I-MERCY!  
GANGSTERS!  
THEY SHOT THAT  
POOR MAN!



WHAT'S YOUR NAME  
CHUM AND WHAT WERE  
YOU DOING HERE?

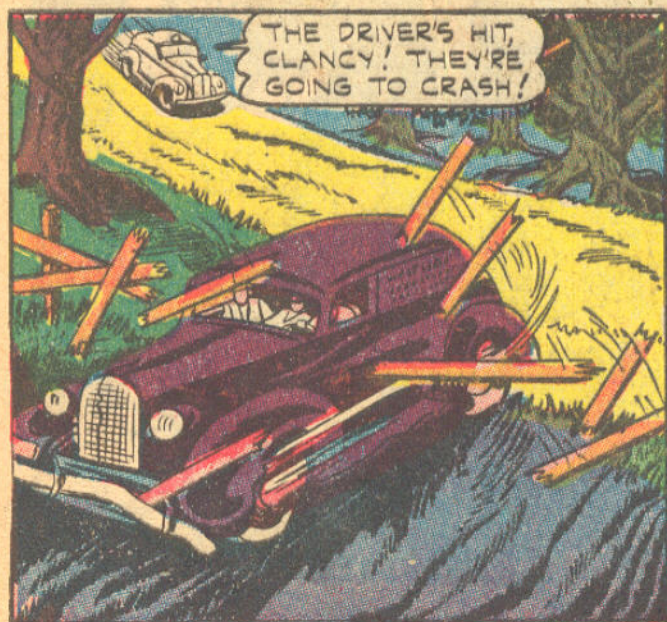
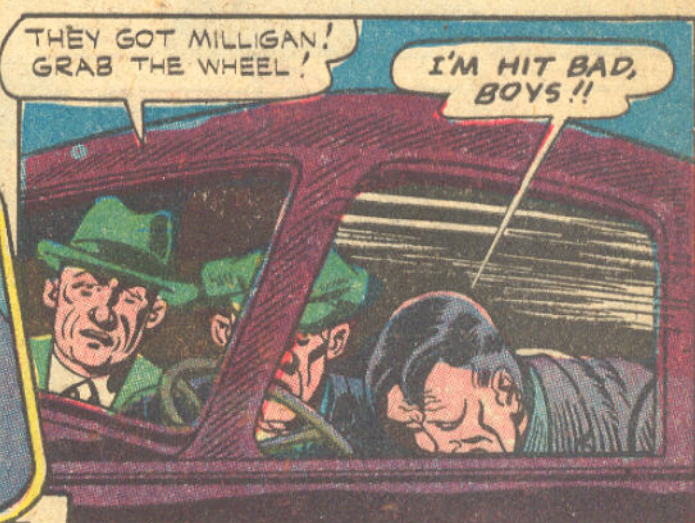
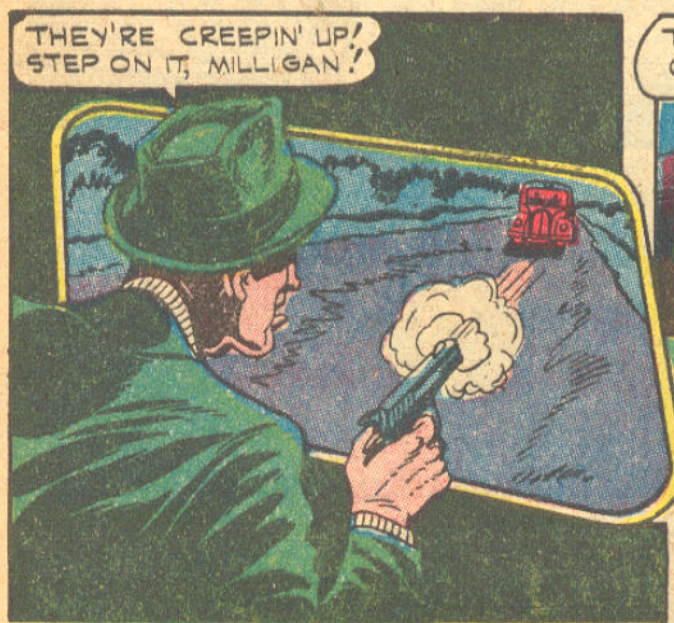
I-I-I'M PROFESSOR  
PERCIVAL SMYTHE OF  
STATE UNIVERSITY! MY  
WIFE SENT ME DOWN  
HERE FOR SOMETHING  
AND I CAN'T REMEMBER  
WHAT IT WAS! I'M--ER--  
A BIT ABSENT-MINDED!



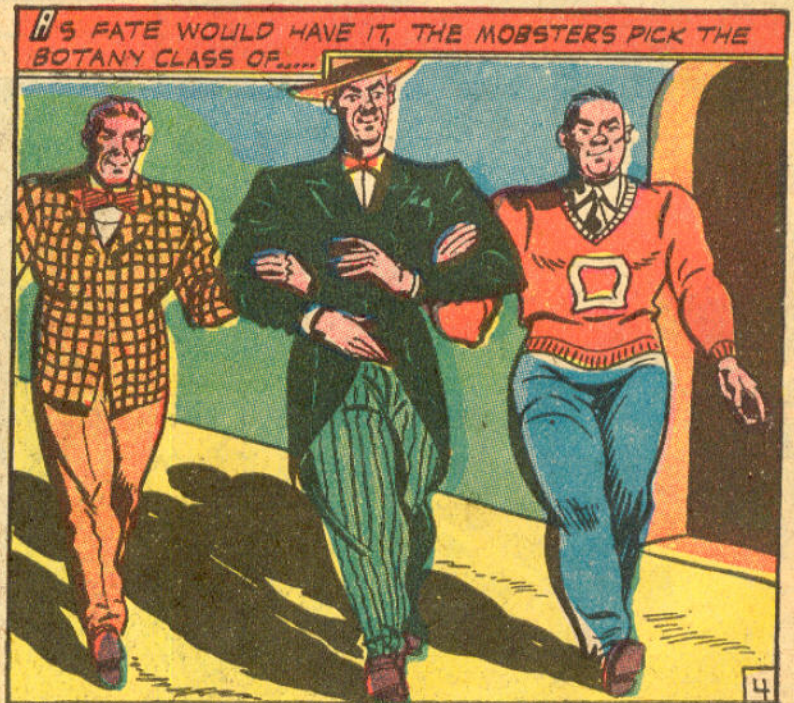
WHICH WAY DID THE GO?  
HOW MANY WERE THERE?  
COULD YOU RECOGNIZE  
THEM? DID YOU HEAR  
THE SHOT?

ER-R--YES--AH--  
NO--I MEAN THEY  
WENT STRAIGHT  
AHEAD AND--  
ER--AH...











**PROFESSOR PERCIVAL SMYTHE!!!**



HI-YA PERFESSOR!  
WE'RE DA NEW  
STOO-DINTS!

PLEASED TO  
MEETCHA!

WHERE D'WE  
SET?



OH, ER--AH--NEW  
STUDENTS! YES,  
YES, OF COURSE!  
BE SEATED AT  
THE BACK OF  
THE ROOM!



AS I WAS SAYING, WE  
SHALL DISCUSS THE  
GENUS NICOTIANA  
TABACUM, OR TOBACCO  
PLANT....



THE TOBACCO LEAF, AS  
SOME OF YOU MIGHT KNOW,  
IS DRIED AND SMOKED IN  
VARIOUS FORMS...

THOSE NEW STUDENTS!  
WHERE HAVE I SEEN  
THEM BEFORE??



TOBACCO, EH?  
WE KNOW ALL  
ABOUT IT!

IN FACT, WE HAD  
A PAL WHO WAS  
ALL WRAPPED  
UP IN IT!

YEAH! YA  
MIGHT SAY  
HE SMOKED  
HIMSELF TO  
DEATH!

PLEASE  
GENTLEMEN,  
NO COMMENTS!









THAT AFTERNOON...

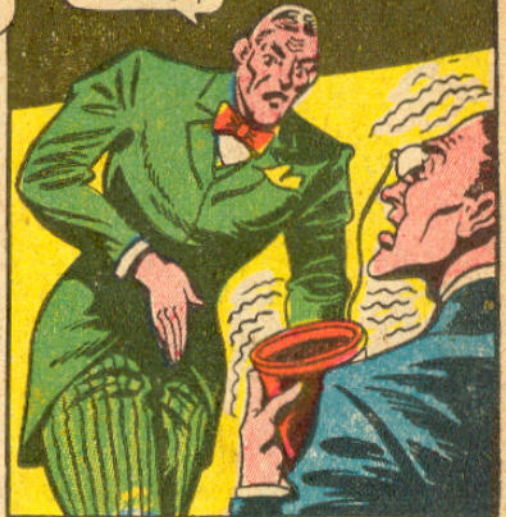
O-OH Y-YES! THE-ER  
AH-- TOBAC--UM--M--  
YES-S PLANT ER--  
TOBACCO IS A---  
PL--HUH---ER---



T-T-THIS IS ER--UM--SMOKING  
T-T-TOBACCO! THE LEAF  
HAS B-BEEN G-G-GROUN--  
I MEAN G-G-GROUNCH--ER--



WHAT'S WRONG, PROF?  
WHAT MAKES YOUSE SO  
NOIVIS?



'ARE YOUSE FEELIN'  
A LITTLE ILL  
PERHAPS?

MAYBE IT'S SOME'N  
YOUSE ET?



I RECOGNIZE DIS JASPER NOW! HE'S  
THE SKINNY GUY THAT WAS AT THE  
LIGHT WHEN WE SNATCHED THE  
CIGARETTE TRUCK! NO WONDER HE'S  
SHAKIN' LIKE A  
RHUMBA DANCER!



COULD IT BE YOUSE IS  
A SNOW-BOID, PROF?  
HEY-Y-Y, WAIT A  
MINUTE, BOYS!

WE-LL-L-L ---- FANCY SEEN'  
YOUSE HERE --- !!



N-N-N-NOW, BOYS D-D-DON'T  
B-B-BE HASTY --- !!







*The End*



# the murder and the miner



IT WAS NOT BY COINCIDENCE THAT DR. MUIR AND THE DOVE MOORED THEIR HOUSEBOAT AT THE LITTLE TOWN OF BROWNSVILLE ON EAGLE CREEK...! THE DOCTOR HAD COME UPON RECEIVING A NOTE FROM HIS OLD FRIEND, ED BARTON, THE CHIEF OF POLICE!

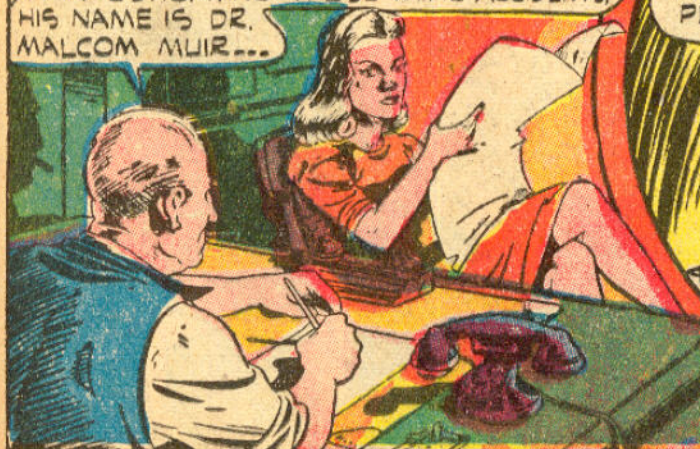
MAURICE WHITMAN

STORY BY JACK CROOKS

ON HIS OFFICE, CHIEF BARTON SPEAKS TO HIS DAUGHTER, SALLY....

SALLY, I'M SENDING FOR AN OLD COLLEGE CHUM OF MINE TO GIVE ME A HAND IN INVESTIGATING THESE MINE ACCIDENTS! HIS NAME IS DR. MALCOM MUIR....

IT SEEMS AS AN INVESTIGATOR, DR. MUIR AND HIS FRIEND, THE "DOVE" HAVE PHENOMENAL LUCK! IT'S EVEN BEEN RUMORED THAT THE DOCTOR IS THE FABULOUS GREY MASK!...BUT OF COURSE, IT HASN'T BEEN PROVEN!





I WONDER WHAT CHIEF BARTON WANTS WITH US, DOVE? HE SOUNDED VERY MYSTERIOUS!

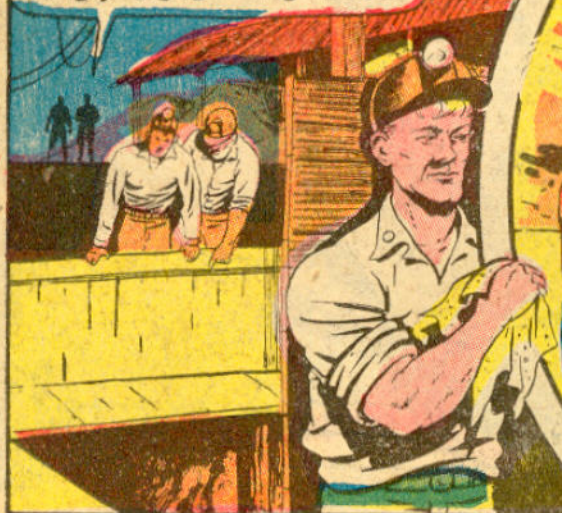


MAYBE IT'S A JOB FOR THE GREY MASK!

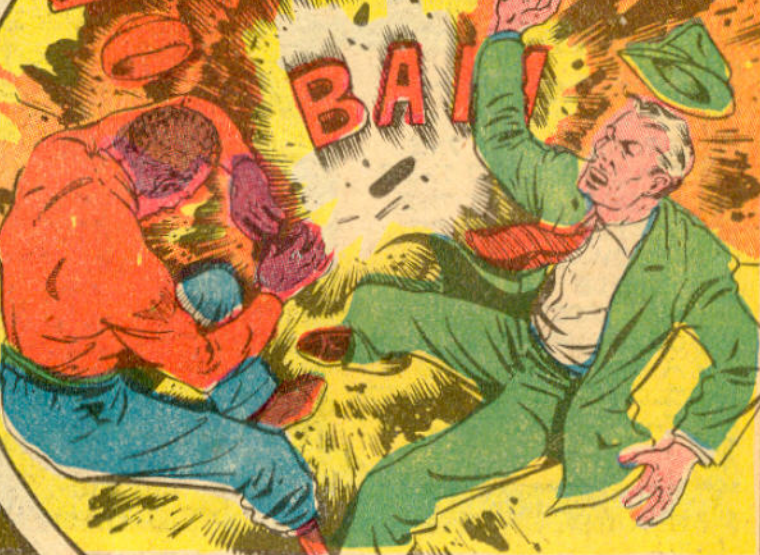
HE GAVE A VAGUE HINT OF MYSTERIOUS ACCIDENTS! WELL, LET'S GO TO SEE HIM!



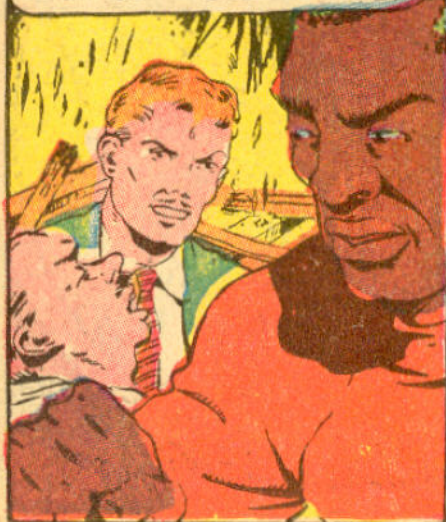
THIS IS NO TIME TO HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH COAL MINES, DOVE! THE WAR...



AS IF IN REPLY....



SEND FOR AN AMBULANCE, DOVE! IT LOOKS LIKE WE JUST GOT HERE IN TIME!



GLAD TO SEE YOU, MALCOM! I HOPE YOU CAN HELP US! THIS MAKES THE THIRD EXPLOSION THIS WEEK!



I'LL DO MY BEST, ED!

BY THE WAY, DOCTOR, I WANT YOU TO MEET A FEW FRIENDS OF MINE...







RODNEY LANGDON, THE OWNER OF THIS MINE... AND OUR MAYOR SLAGG....



A PLEASURE, DR. MUIR! THESE ACCIDENTS MUST STOP! OUR OUTPUT IS BEING SEVERELY HAMPERED...!



H-A-R-U-M-M-PH! THE MAYOR'S OFFICE IS SOLIDLY BEHIND YOU, DR. MUIR! HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO BEGIN YOUR INVESTIGATION?



WELL, IT'S A LITTLE TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING TODAY, YOUR HONOR! WE'LL WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW TO INSPECT THE SHAFT THAT JUST BLEW UP!



BUT SHORTLY AFTER DARK....

WE WON'T WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW, DOVE! THAT WAS JUST AN EXCUSE...



GOT ANY IDEA WHAT COULD BE CAUSING THESE EXPLOSIONS, DOC...?

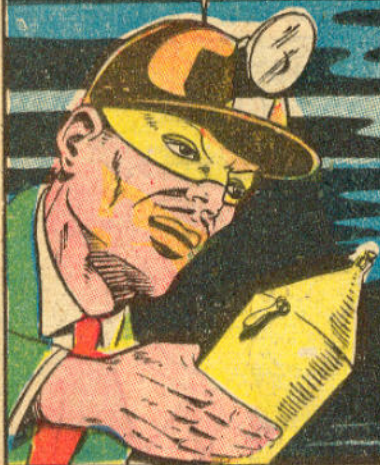
AT FIRST THOUGHT IT WOULD APPEAR TO BE FIRE-DAMP, BUT I'M NOT SO SURE....



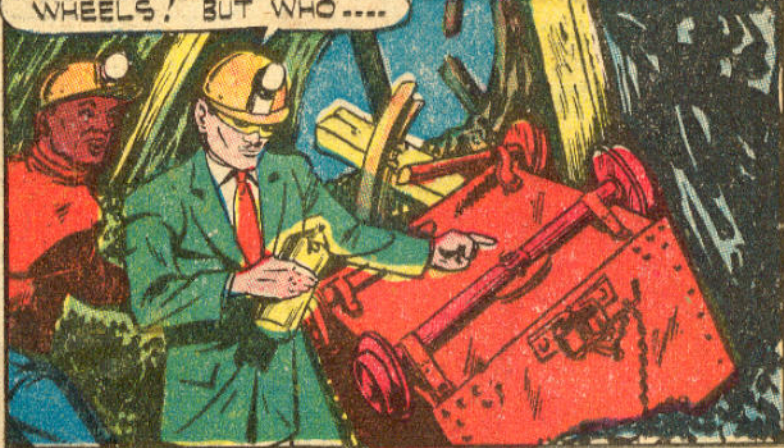
THESE MINES ARE PRETTY WELL PROTECTED FROM FIRE-DAMP! BESIDES, THE EXPLOSION... OH, OH... WHAT'S THIS?



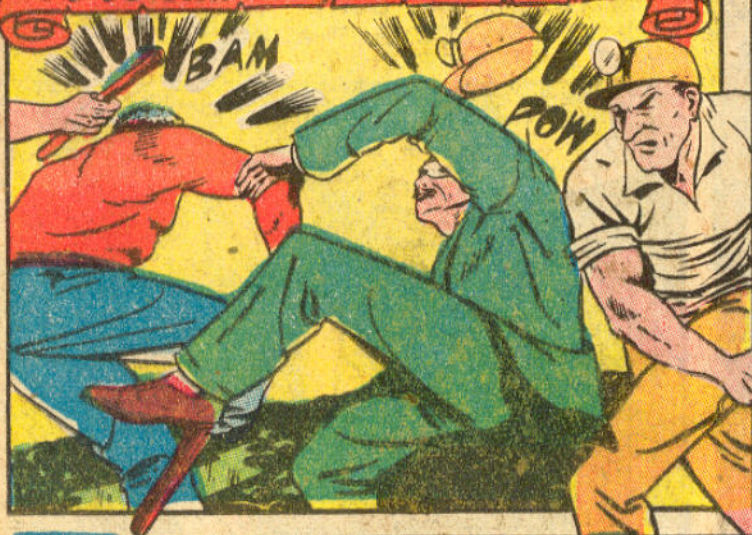
HERE'S THE ANSWER...!  
HYDROGEN  
SULFIDE...!!!



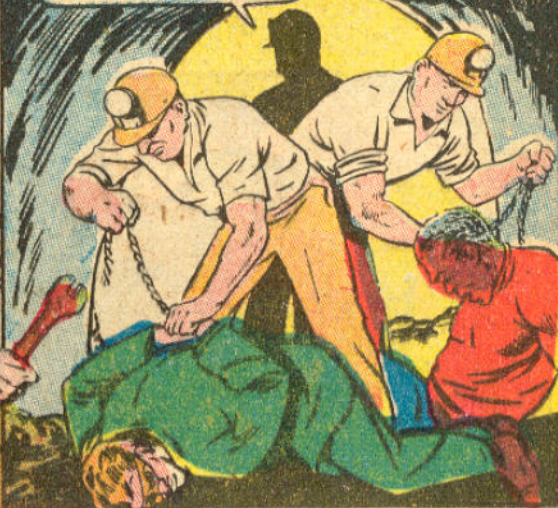
THAT'S HOW IT WAS DONE! SOMEBODY FASTENED  
THESE CANNISTERS OF HYDROGEN SULFIDE TO THE  
BOTTOM OF THE ORE-CART! AS THE CART BUMPED  
ALONG THE TRACK, IT RELEASED THE GAS, WHICH  
SOON BECAME IGNITED BY SPARKS FROM THE  
WHEELS! BUT WHO....



BUT OUT OF THE DARKENED TUNNEL, FIGURES  
APPEAR AND STRIKE DOWN THE GREY MASK  
AND DOVE....



THE GOOD DOCTOR'S A LITTLE  
TOO SMART! TIE THEM UP  
TIGHT, BOYS!

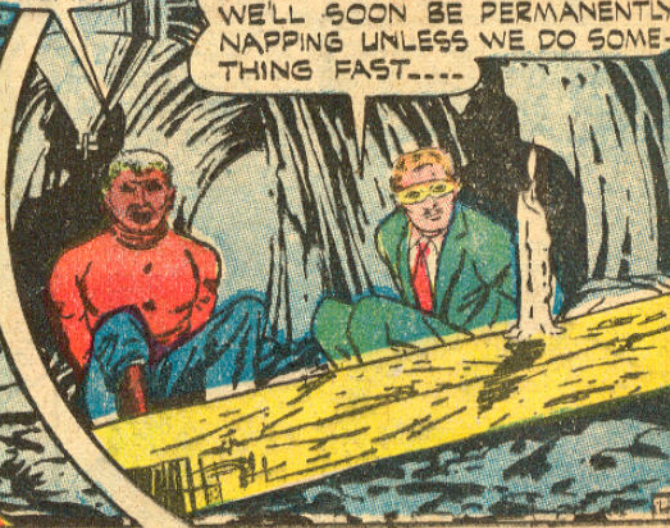


GOOD! NOW LET'S GET OUT  
OF HERE BEFORE THE GAS  
IGNITES...!

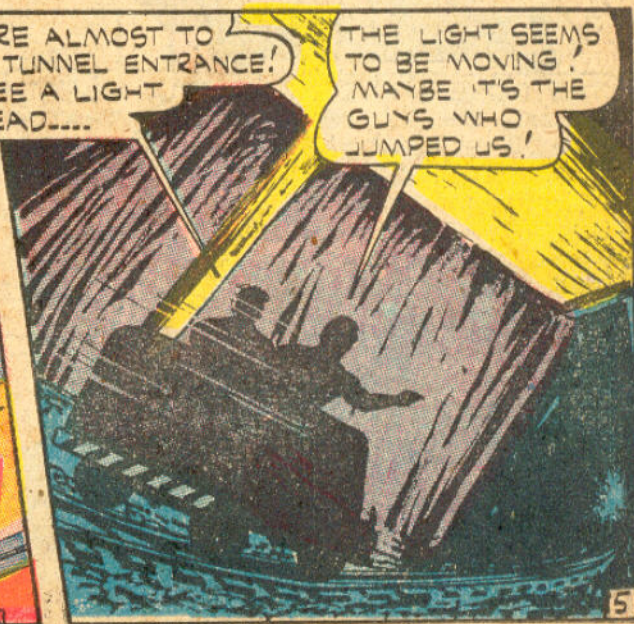
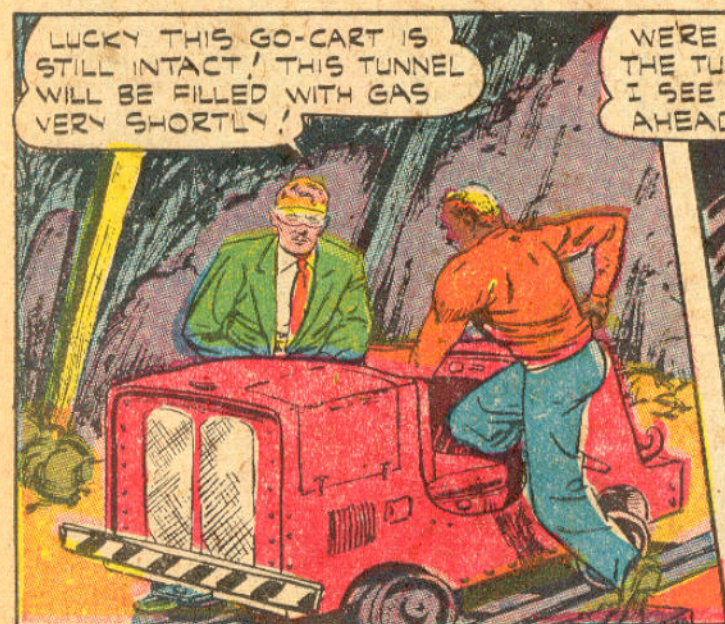
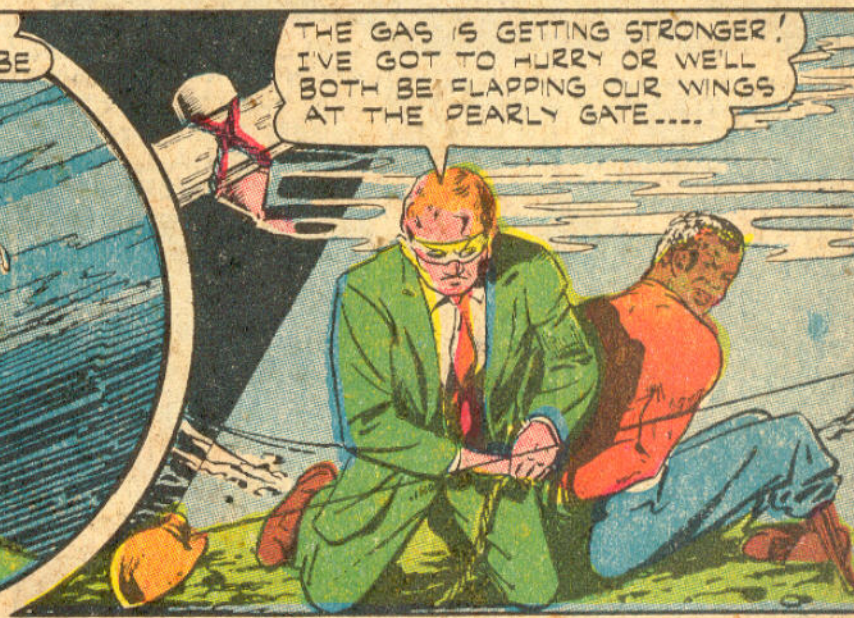
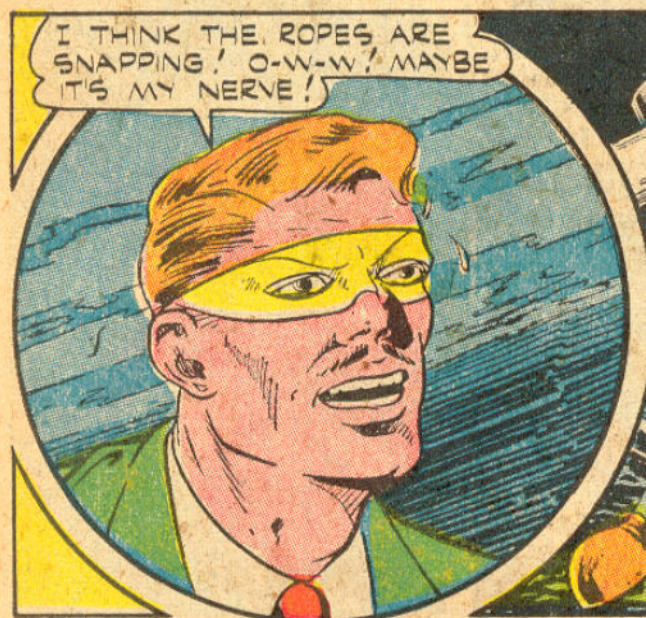
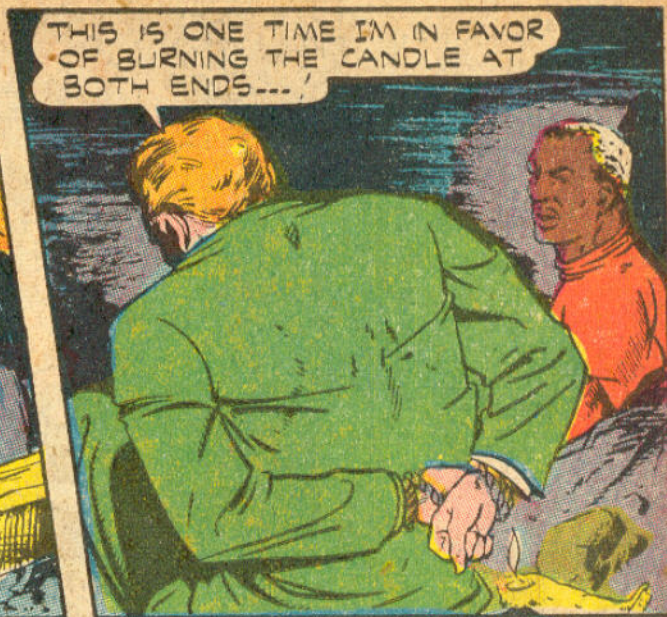
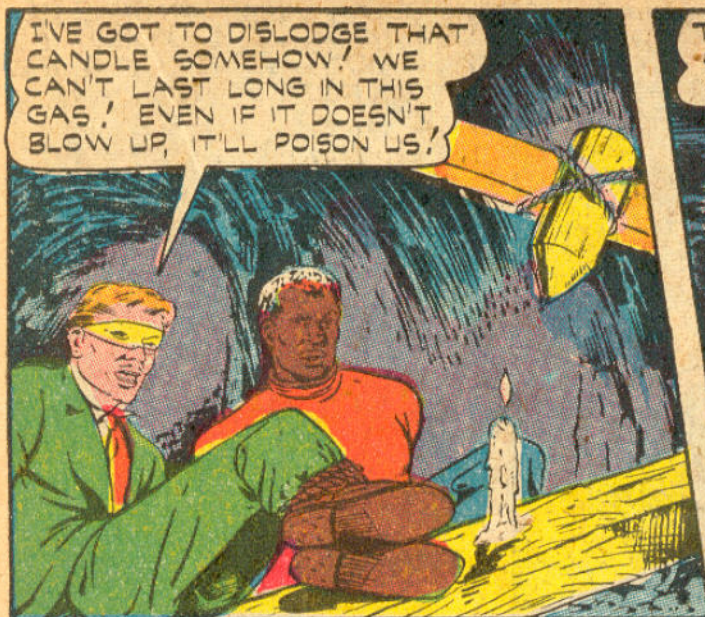


OH-H-H,  
MY  
HEAD!

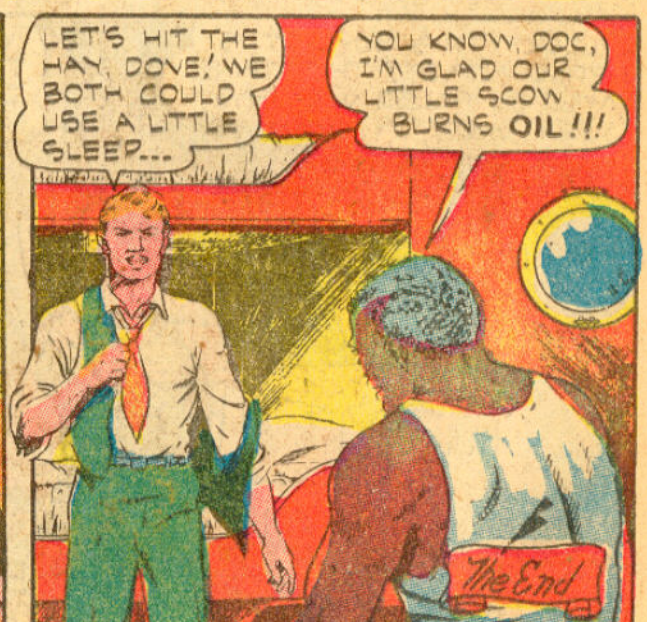
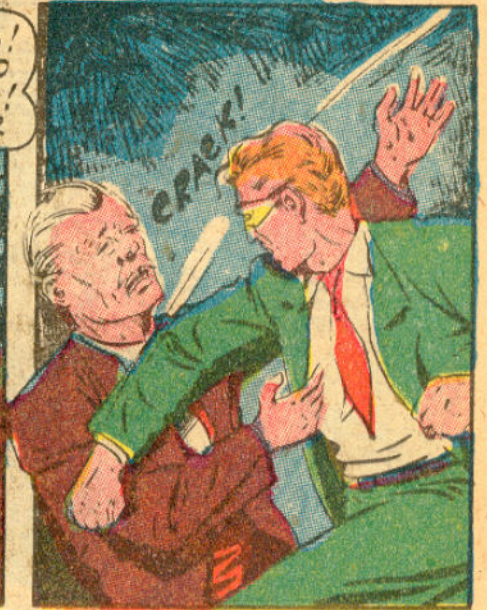
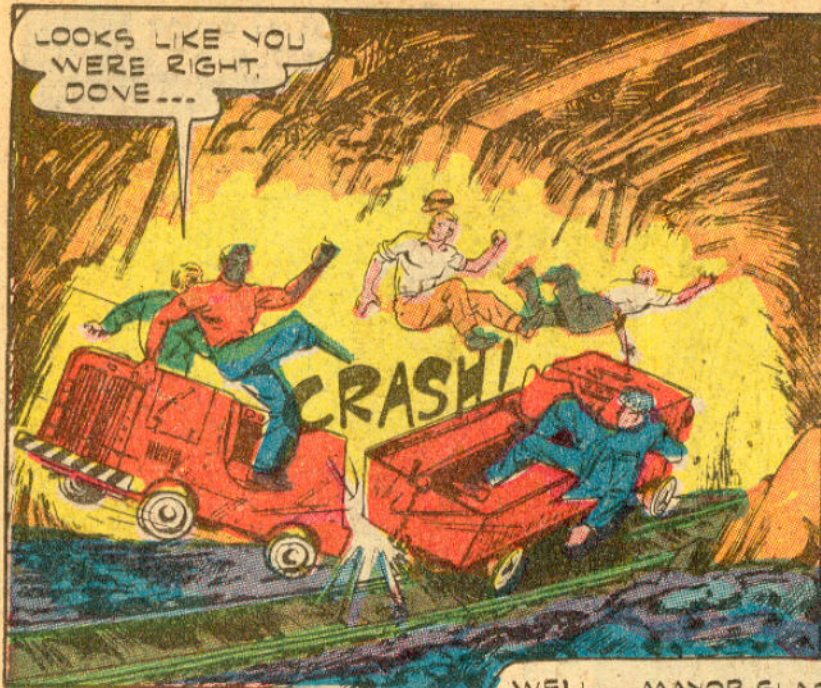
LOOKS LIKE THEY CAUGHT US  
NAPPING! ...AND FROM THE  
LOOKS OF THOSE CANNISTERS,  
WE'LL SOON BE PERMANENTLY  
NAPPING UNLESS WE DO SOME-  
THING FAST....













# AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Do You Want  
**LONGER HAIR?**

**MAKE THIS EASY  
7-DAY TEST...**

**FULLY GUARANTEED**

★ ★ ★ **THEN TRY THIS  
PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR**

**... Helps Prevent Brittle Ends From Breaking Off!**

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely ... longer. The Juelene SYSTEM has helped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why Juelene is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. This wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. If your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week! You may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty.



**LONGER HAIR  
Dresses Better  
in Latest Styles**

## Marvelous Help FOR DRY, BRITTLE HAIR

Dry hair is not only hard to manage but a continual source of embarrassment. Why be ashamed of unlovely hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful, sparkling with new healthy looks, lovely luster. A woman's hair is one of the first things noticed by men—sleek, shining, glamorously long hair is always alluring. And men, too, attract admiring attention when their hair lies smooth, thick and neat. **Try Juelene.** See how much more beautiful your hair may be in such a short time, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. Actually make your hair your "crowning glory"! This introductory offer gives you an opportune chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may have sparkling longer hair! Be convinced!—Send for your Juelene NOW

## Make This 7-Day Test

**... SEND NO MONEY!**

JUST MAIL THE CONVENIENT INTRODUCTORY COUPON! Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman \$1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order—we will pay the postage. Then test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft your hair may be in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY GET ACQUAINTED OFFER today—NOW and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair.

## INTRODUCTORY COUPON...

**JUEL COMPANY, Dept. B-653**  
1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.

Yes, I want easy to manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

- ☐ I am enclosing \$1.00  
☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

 **Our Customers Participate in Gifts**

## TEST JUELENE FOR 7 DAYS

**Thrilling Results or  
MONEY BACK IN FULL!**

That's all we ask you to do. Just make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Your mirror will tell you the thrilling results and so will your friends! If you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen... if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund every cent of your money. What could be fairer? This proves to you how excellent we think the results will be! So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of delightful results or your money back. Send for it now!

★ ★ ★ **MAIL 7-DAY TRIAL  
COUPON NOW!**

If you do want longer hair, mail the coupon today. Then test Juelene and notice the remarkable difference in the appearance of your hair—lustrous and well dressed. See how nicely it lies in place, how easily it combs. With our positive guarantee you can't lose, and have everything in your favor to gain. So make this effort now. Send the Introductory Coupon immediately!

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Road, Dept. B-653 Chicago 13, Ill.



# A BULLET FOR THE BALLERINA

BY  
Jack Crooks

It was a great event for First Nighters and they turned out in abundance. They were there in tails, in tuxedos, in business suits, in sport clothes, and the down-at-the-heel group of aesthetes were there in whatever semblance of finery their purses could afford. Each in his respective tier. The Platinum Horseshoe bulged with stuffy dowagers spilling diamonds!

Outside, the marquee blazed with light, for it was not yet the hour of the "brownout." It proclaimed to the city that the great Ballerina Novikof was appearing in Igor Stravinsky's "FIREBIRD." The front of the Columbia was still jammed with late comers as the curtain rose. A cordon of police held back the throng of autograph-seekers. Pressed against the restraining ropes was even a group of teen-aged girls who had an inside tip that their idol, an emaciated crooner, was scheduled to attend. When he stepped from a cab they squealed with delight. He grinned somewhat shyly, and walked into the lobby. A few yards in back of the slight man walked another who evoked no recognition from the crowd. He was only one of the greatest conductors on earth. Sir Hubert Crompton of the Toronto Philharmonic.

Inside, in the lobby, an announcer with a CBS microphone called to each passing celebrity to say a few words. His unctuous voice was liquid with joyous enthusiasm. He flashed a wide grin at the back of a little pudgy man who had just left the mike. "Thank you very much, Mayor! I'm sure our audience is well aware you'd rather be at a fire—" His running voice glowed on: "And here comes 'The Voice'—Sir Hubert Crompton—Lady Hermione Tillinghast VanNess VanNort—Count Toyalski—Baron Klieg—Norton Vanderbilt . . ." His voice floated on!

The darkened theatre was alive with the pleading shushes of the ushers as these last were being seated. Oddly enough, most of the last were seated in the front row.

The brilliant stage silhouetted the towering masterful figure of Serge Kupyansk on the podium. He raised his arms and a hush fell. Even the squirming ceased as his arms descended.

A low powerful moan of weird quality arose from the shimmering strings of the violins, violas, and string basses. The flesh of the audience crept en-masse as eerie tones were given expression. The woodwinds whispered their counterpoint, flute trills followed oboe and bassoon fugue, and the watchers sighed shiveringly at the wistful, poignant tones. The flute trilled again and the assemblage gasped.

She flowed onto the stage then! Novikof as the "FIREBIRD!" Her lissome movements were like the undulations of a cloudy pool in a swamp. Her lithe beauty like the silken fascination of a panther. Never had the audience witnessed such choreography! Murmurs of fascination escaped through clenched teeth as the libretto unfolded.

In the front row, five pairs of eyes stared at the dancer in glistening fascination. Stiffened lips and taut throats betrayed more than passing emotion.

Minutes passed and the music grew in intensity. The orchestra in the pit played as if possessed! It rose as does a siren to a screaming unholy crescendo, as on to the stage swept the evil King Kastchei. The Firebird recoiled in horror as the tympani rumbled like the thunders of hell. She screamed with horror and clutched her breast. Her long serpentine legs folded and she slumped to the floor. The audience was hushed in expectancy.

For a full minute not a soul in the theatre moved, save the musicians and suddenly a muttering arose. Those familiar with the Score stared at each other in bewilderment. Why did she not go on??

Abruptly, a tall, rangy figure in tail-clothes sprang from an aisle seat and hurriedly approached the stage. The audience whispered excitedly and the rest of the cast stared hypnotically at the prone figure of the famed ballerina. The tall man threaded his way through the orchestra pit and leaped onto the stage, heedless of stares. He bent over the girl. Without speaking, he straightened and walked into the wings. A moment later the curtain descended. The audience talked excitedly until the curtain parted and the impresario appeared.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced tremulously. "I am sorry to say the performance cannot go on. Novikof has had an accident! The box-office will refund your admissions—"

The dismayed audience filed out in unbelief. Novikof? Accident? What could be wrong?

Behind the drawn curtain stood the tall man talking to H. Surok, the impresario, who was wringing his hands in consternation.

"My name is Doctor Benedict, Mr. Surok! When Novikof failed to arise I suspected something was wrong and came up to offer my services, but I was too late. She had been shot through the heart."

"But how?" wailed the distraught Surok. "In the middle of a performance. Impossible!"

"If you doubt me, look for yourself," answered Dr. Benedict quietly.



# Girls Can't Resist this KISS ME NECKTIE as it GLOWS in the DARK!

By Day a Lovely Swank Tie . . . By Night  
a Call to Love in Glowing Words!

Men, boys! Now amaze your friends!  
Surprise and thrill every girl you meet! Be

different and the life of the party in  
any crowd! Here's the most amazing  
spectacular necktie that you ever wore,  
a smart wrinkle-proof, tailored cravat,  
which at night is a thrilling sensation!  
It's smart, superb class by day, and just  
imagine in the dark it seems like a neck-  
tie of compelling allure, sheer magic!

Like a miracle of light there comes a pulsing, glowing question—  
WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK, BABY? Think of the sur-  
prise, the awe you will cause! There's no trick, no hidden bat-  
teries, no switches or foolish horseplay, but a thing of loveliness  
as the question emerges gradually to life, touched by the wand of  
darkness, and your girl will gasp with wonder as it takes form

so amazingly. It's new . . . utterly different . . . a Hollywood riot wherever  
you go. And here's wonderful news! You can see, examine this glorious  
tie yourself without risk . . . just mail the coupon!

## SEND NO MONEY

Examine . . . Let It Thrill You . . . ON THIS FREE TRIAL OFFER.  
Don't confuse this magnificent necktie with any ordinary novelty tie  
for it's high class, distinctive, ties up perfectly, and you'll wear it with  
pride. Its color combination is specially created and so original that  
you actually can wear it tastefully with any suit. It's wrinkle-proof,  
beautifully fashioned. You might expect to pay \$2.00 or even \$3.00  
for this cravat just for daytime wear. But now, if you act quick, under

this special INTRODUCTORY OFFER, you will have this mar-  
velous, breathtaking GLOW IN THE DARK sensation for only  
\$1.49! That's all, just \$1.49, a bargain in quality, and a million  
dollars worth of fun at any party, or in any crowd, and an aid to  
love! Send no money, here's all you do. Mail coupon with your  
name and address. On arrival of your GLOWING KISS ME  
NECKTIE, you simply pay postman \$1.49, plus postage. (If  
money comes with order, we pay postage.) Then examine. See  
how it excites and thrills. And, if you are not delighted, if you  
are not eager to wear it, just return it for your money back  
promptly. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then act at once.  
Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

## MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO.  
215 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 244-K Chicago 1, Ill

Rush me my KISS ME NECKTIE that glows in the dark. I  
will pay postman \$1.49 plus postage with your positive assur-  
ance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for \$4.22,  
check here ☐

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

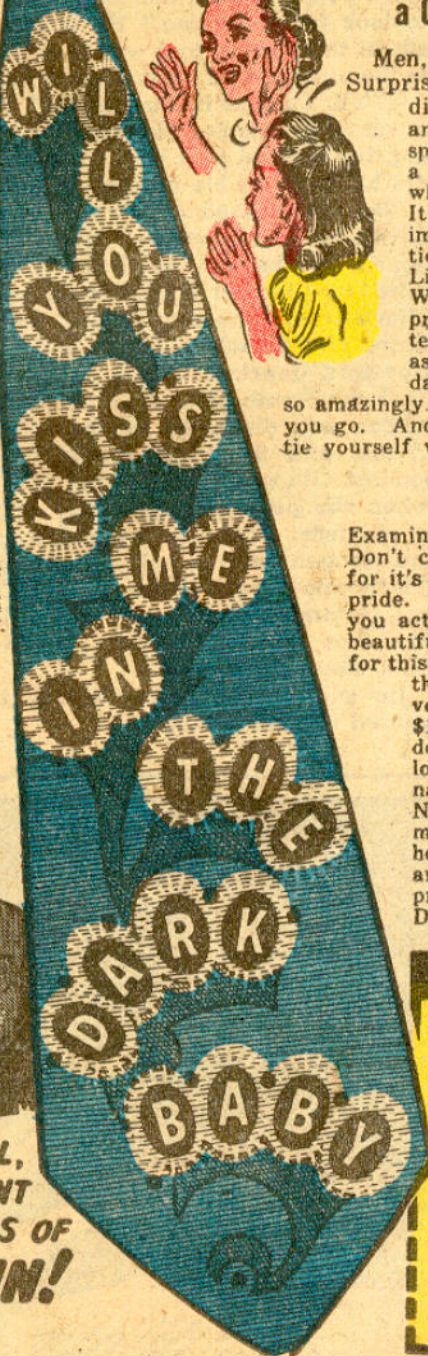
A SMART  
TIE BY DAY



A MAGIC  
TIE AT  
NIGHT



IT'S NOVEL,  
DIFFERENT  
BARRELS OF  
FUN!





The tall, rangy man pointed to the prostrate figure of the beautiful girl. A small trickle of blood flowed from her breast and stained the stage. Surok stared at the dark stream in horror.

The rest of the cast stood huddled in the wings, as Benedict continued: "No doubt the police will be here in a few minutes, so we might as well do all we can to help them. While you were advising the audience to leave, I took the liberty of telling your ushers to detain the four men I saw sitting in the front row. Perhaps they may be able to give us a clue."

Surok mumbled, "But they are all prominent men and women—surely none of them—"

"Oh, we're not accusing anybody, yet!" Dr. Benedict smiled and flicked an imaginary bit of dust from his impeccable attire. "We just want to talk to them. Oh, here they come now!"

A quartet of impressive-looking men and a glowering woman, with a glittering tiara made their way to Surok, expressing variegated condolences and anger. Benedict confronted the newcomers.

"I am Dr. Benedict." The tall man was curt. "I also hold a private detective's license and have volunteered to do a little investigating until the police arrive. I would be grateful if you told me anything you know of this!" He went on: "Novikof was shot and the angle of the bullet indicates it was fired from the front row. Would you be so kind as to tell me who you are?" He nodded at the woman. "My apologies for detaining YOU, madam!"

"I am Lady Hermione Tillinghast VanNess VanNort. This is outrageous!" she sputtered indignantly.

He questioned the others. Count Toyalski, Baron Kleg, Schuyler Trent, and finally confronted a handsome white-haired man. Benedict smiled: "No need to tell me who you are,

"Sir Hubert, I recognize you."

"So? How is that? I have never conducted in this country." The great conductor lifted his eyes in surprise.

"I attended a performance of yours in Madrid some years ago," smiled Benedict. "In fact it was this very ballet. And Novikof was in the cast. In fact, rumor had it that you and she were engaged!"

"You can prove nothing," gritted the musician.

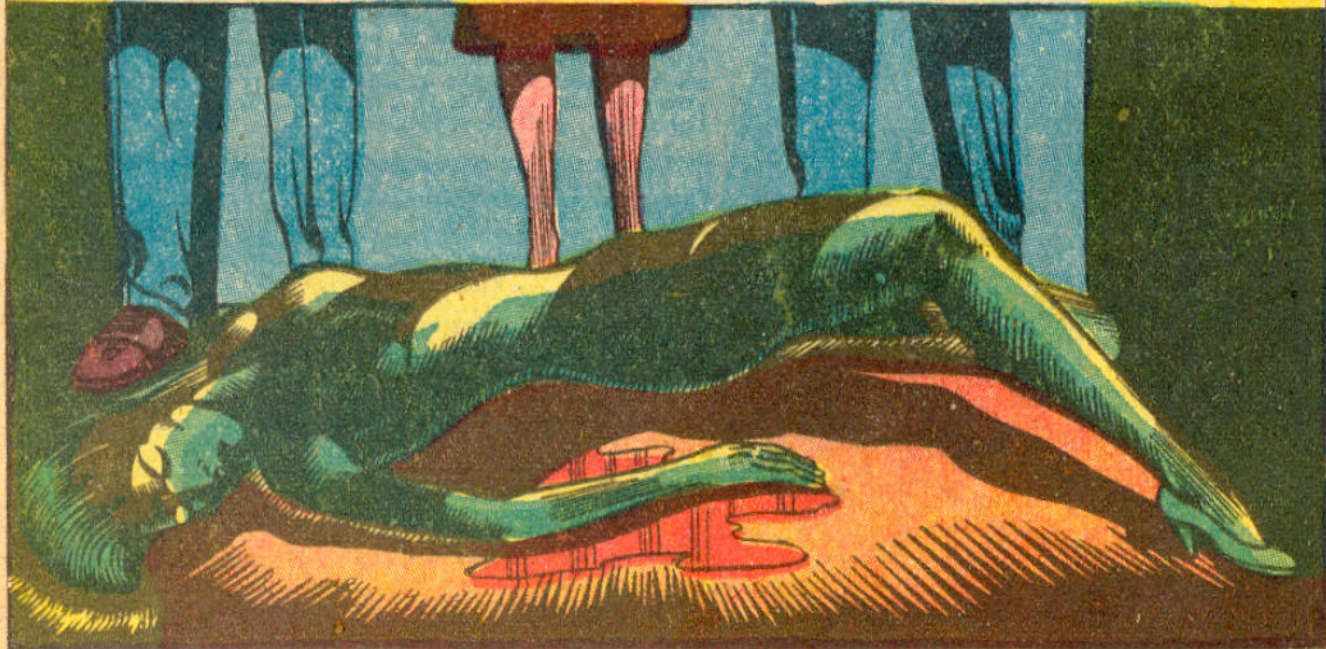
Several detectives arrived at the moment and approached Benedict. One recognized him and said respectfully, "Hello, Doc."

"Hello, O'Rourke," said Benedict. "Just keep these people here a moment, will you? I want to look for something." He went through the slit in the curtain and was heard rummaging in the orchestra pit. In a moment he was back.

"Well, I found it, Sir Hubert!" He held out a small automatic. The conductor said nothing, but walked to a chair and sat down and put his head in his hands.

Benedict looked at him for a moment and turned to the detectives. "Here's how it happened," he began. "Sir Hubert Crompton was killed by Novikof some years ago, and he planned to get even. Having conducted the Score of this ballet, and being familiar with Novikof's dancing, it was simple. He waited until the Fourth Act, when the audience's attention was distracted by the entrance of the villain, and the kettle drums were at their loudest. He drew his gun and shot the dancer when she paused momentarily at the end of a pirouette. Then he reached over, dropped the weapon into the bell, or horn, of the tuba, which was easy, because that instrument was not playing at the time! Lucky thing I saw him that time in Madrid. You can take on from there, O'Rourke!"

He smiled at the assemblage and disappeared into the wings.



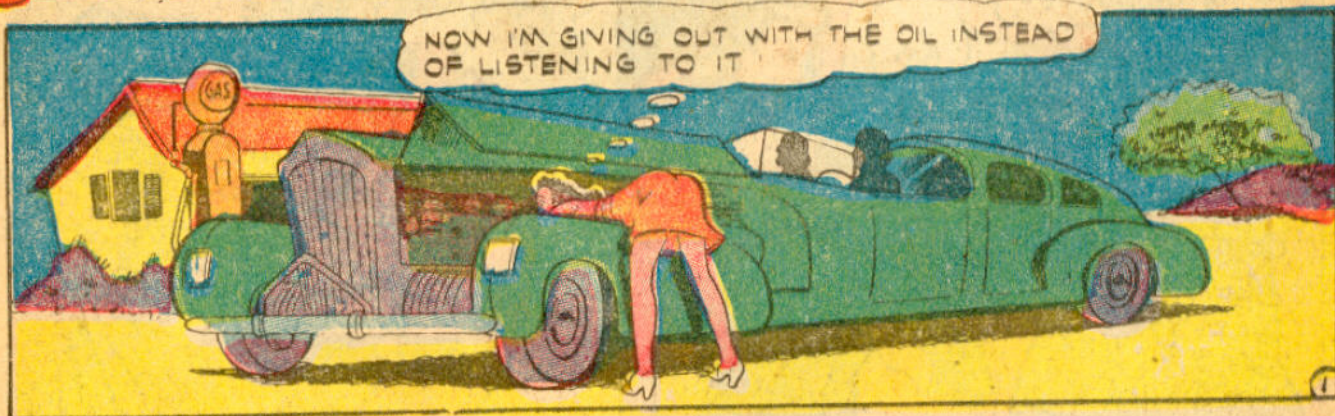


# Sherry Flippe



THE 'WIDE-AWAKE DETECTIVE AGENCY' CRACKED THE CASE OF HOLLYWOOD BLACK-MARKETEERS RECENTLY! THE LOCAL RATION BOARD COULD NOT FIND THE SOURCE OF THE COUNTERFEIT STAMPS, AND SO SHERRY AND MR GRIBBETS WERE RETAINED! THE CRIMINALS MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY TOO IF THE FAT OLD DAME HADN'T MADE THAT CRACK ABOUT SHERRY!

NOW I'M GIVING OUT WITH THE OIL INSTEAD OF LISTENING TO IT

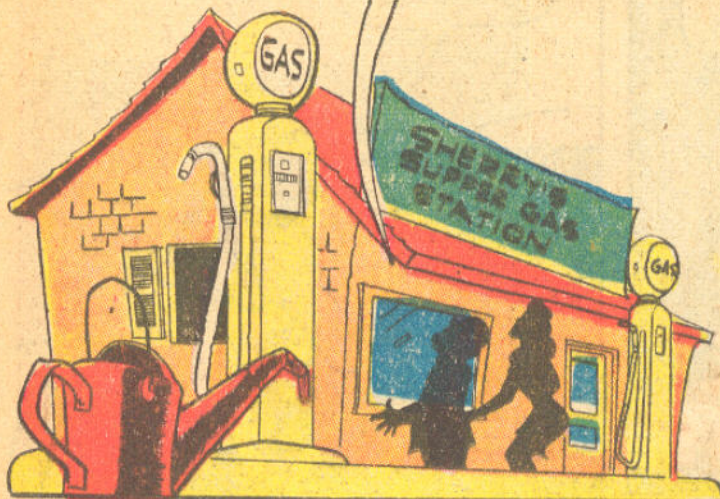




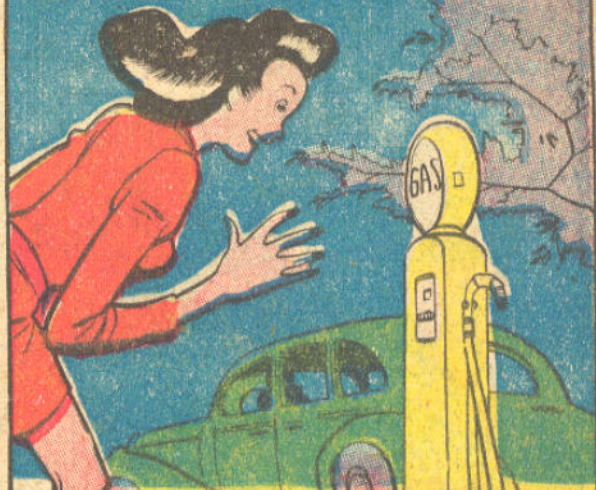




WHEN HE SAID SIMPLE, I WONDER  
IF HE MEANT US OR THE PLAN!



OUR FIRST CUSTOMER!



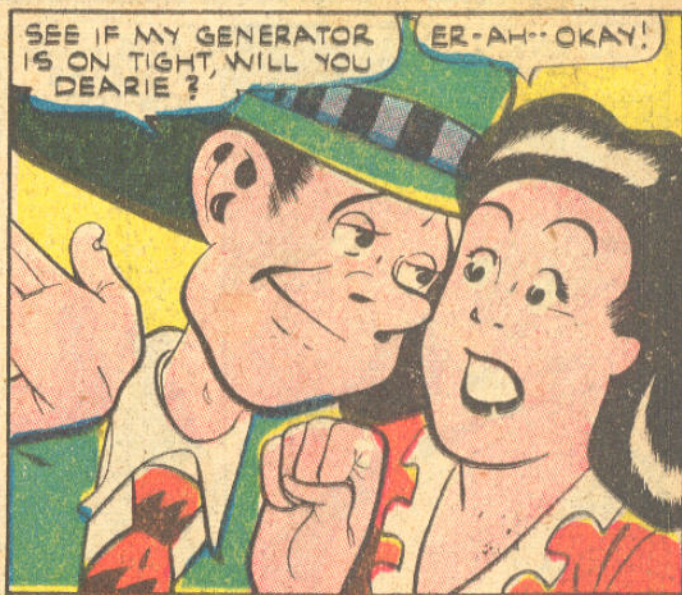
FOUR GALLONS,  
CUTIE, AND BE SURE  
TO WRING OUT  
THE HOSE!  
HAW!

YES, SIR!  
HAW!

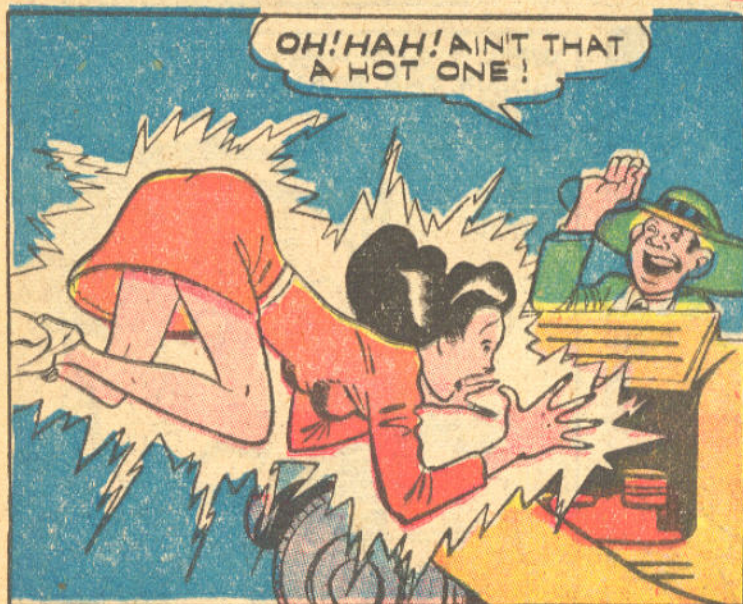


SEE IF MY GENERATOR  
IS ON TIGHT, WILL YOU  
DEARIE?

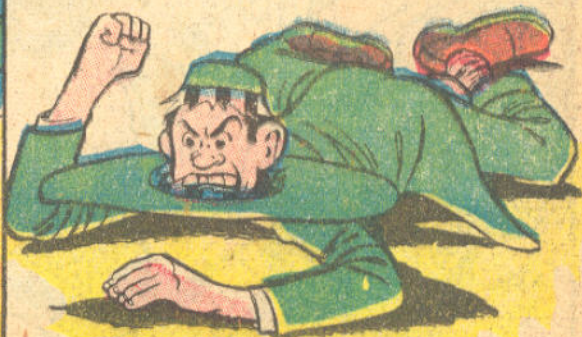
ER-AH--OKAY!



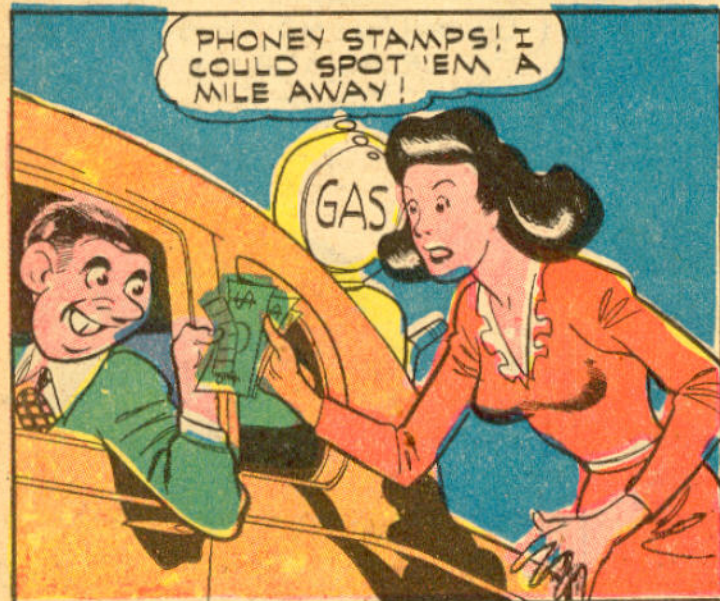
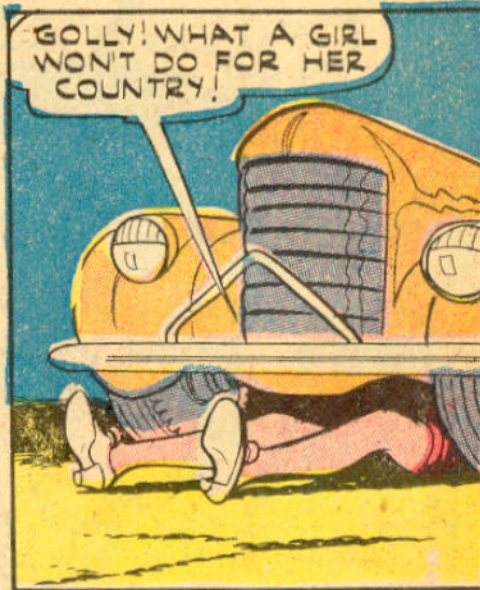
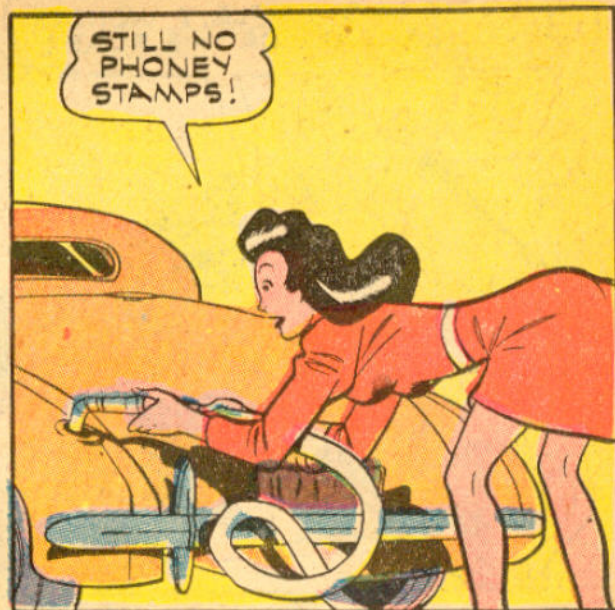
OH! HAH! AIN'T THAT  
A HOT ONE!



QX#!!?#! NO SENSE  
OF HUMOR!



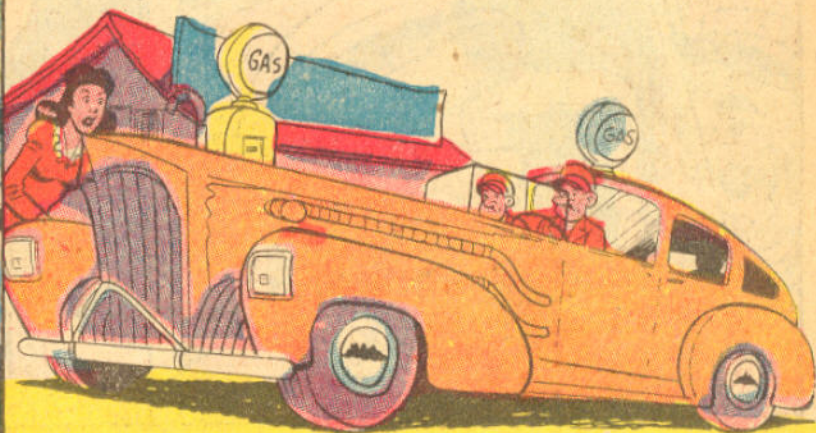






RIGHT MR. WRYTHE! I'LL KEEP MY EYE PEELED! OH HERE'S ANOTHER CUSTOMER! WHEW, WHAT A WAGON!

WOW! THAT BUGGY BURNS UP AN "A" CARD BACKING OUT OF THE GARAGE!



OH ARE YOU THE NEW ATTENDANT, MISS? I AM MRS. DOUBLE-DAY-DOUBLE-DAY!

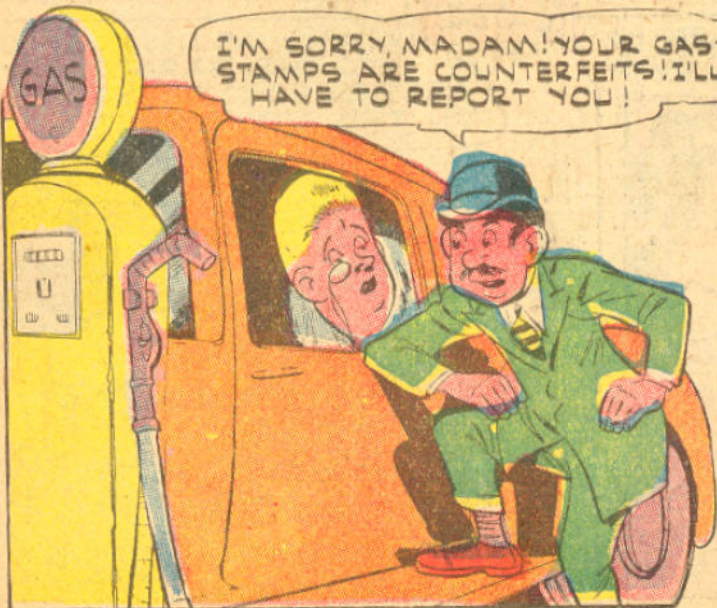
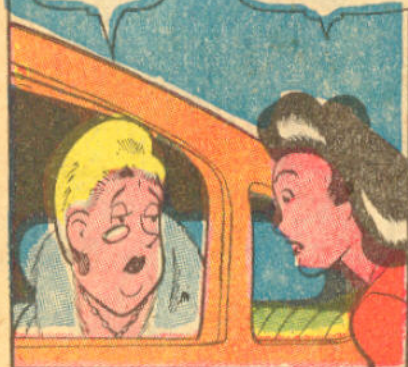
THAT MAKES FOUR DAYS! GOSH THE WEEK'S HALF GONE ALREADY!

KINDLY REFRAIN FROM YOUR HORRID JOKES, YOUNG LADY! REFILL MY PETROL CONTAINER!

WHEW! SHE'S DRENCHED IN PERFUME! WHERE DID I SMELL THAT STUFF BEFORE?

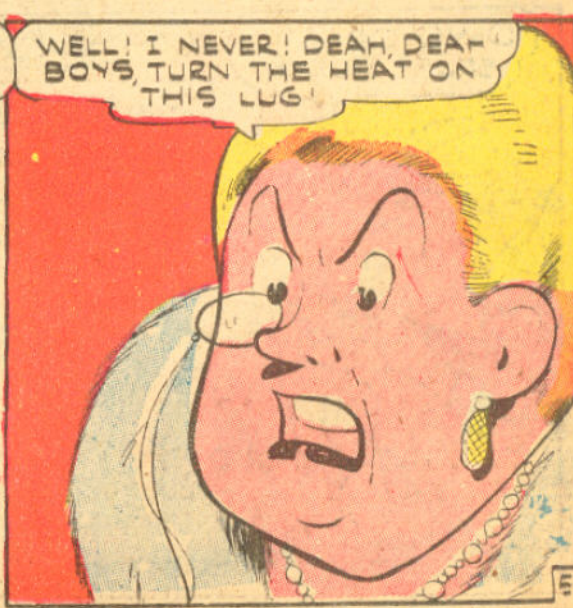
LOOK, BOSS COUNTERFEITS! IT'S A GOOD THING YOU GOT BACK! I GOT SOME BAD ONES BEFORE, TOO, AND THEY ALL REEK OF THE SAME PERFUME, 'TOUJOURS-LA-SLUSH'. I'LL BET THIS DAME IS THE ONE WHO SELLS IT!

WELL--LET'S DETAIN THEM!

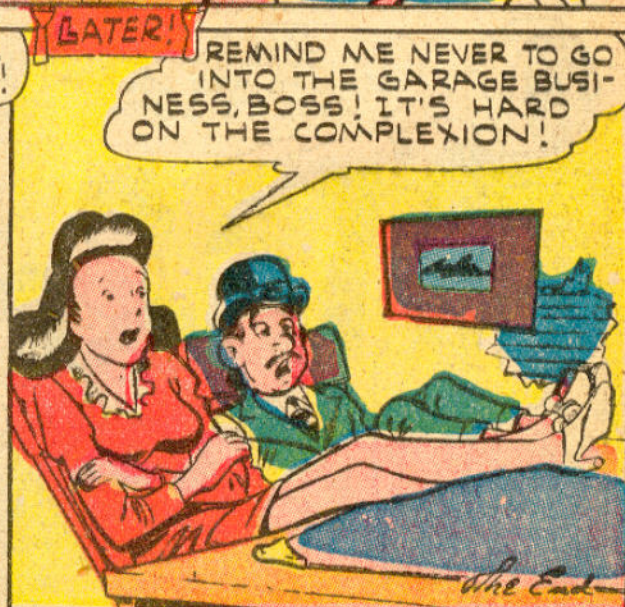
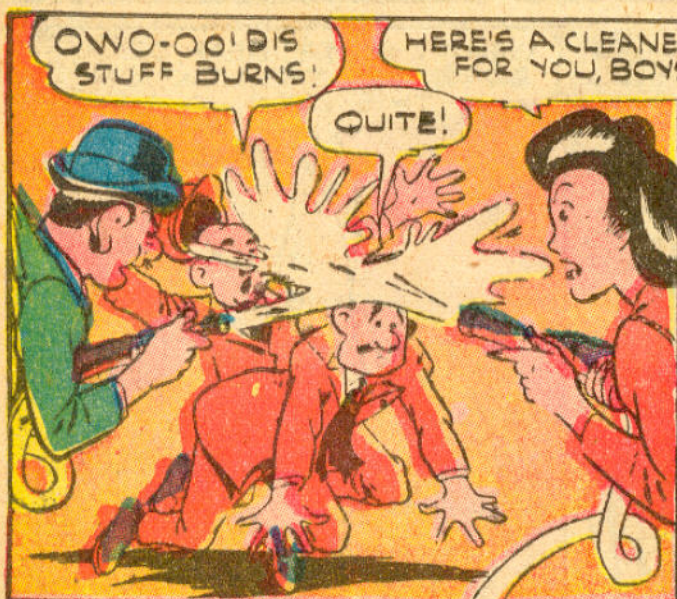
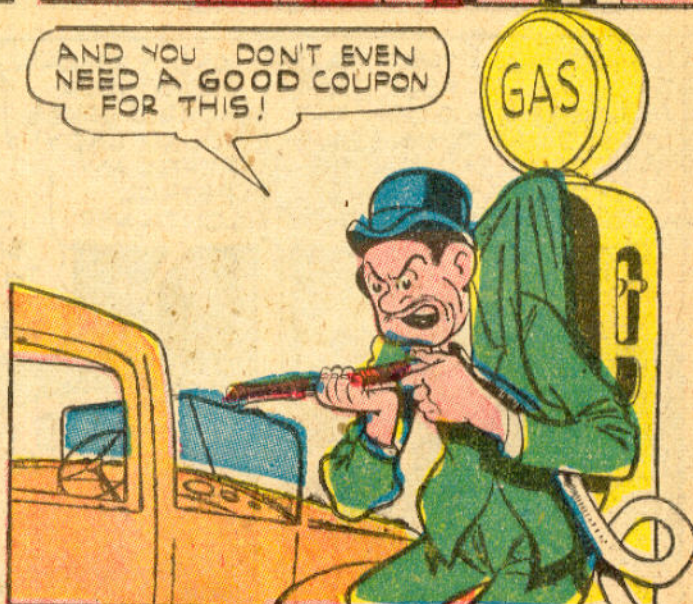
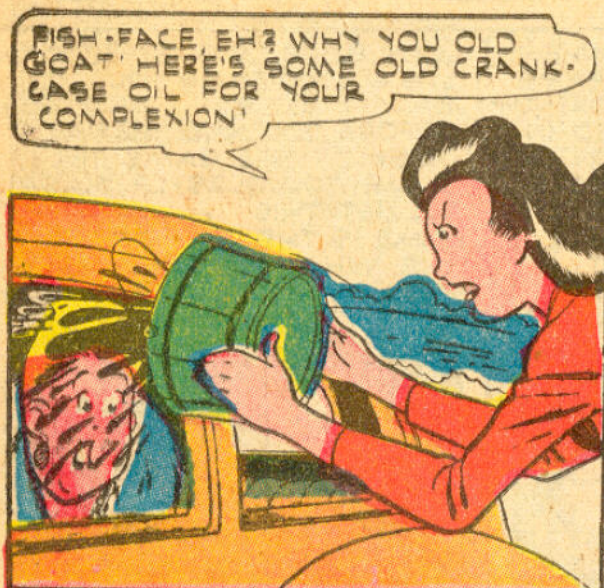
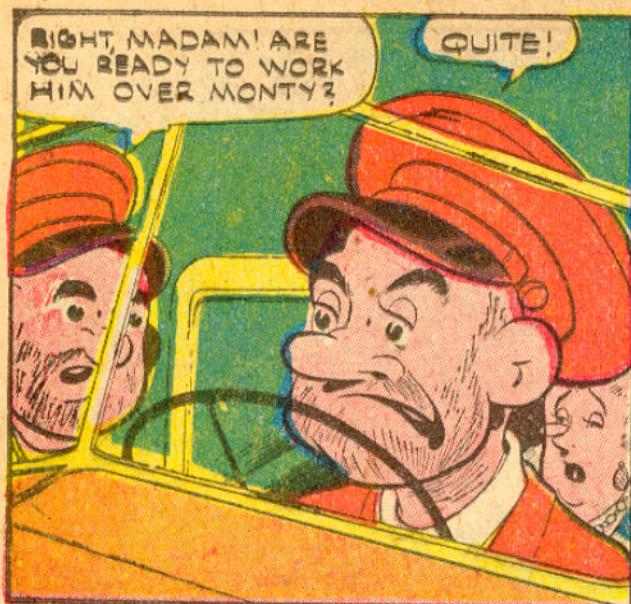


I'M SORRY, MADAM! YOUR GAS STAMPS ARE COUNTERFEITS! I'LL HAVE TO REPORT YOU!

WELL! I NEVER! DEAH, DEAH BOYS, TURN THE HEAT ON THIS LUG!







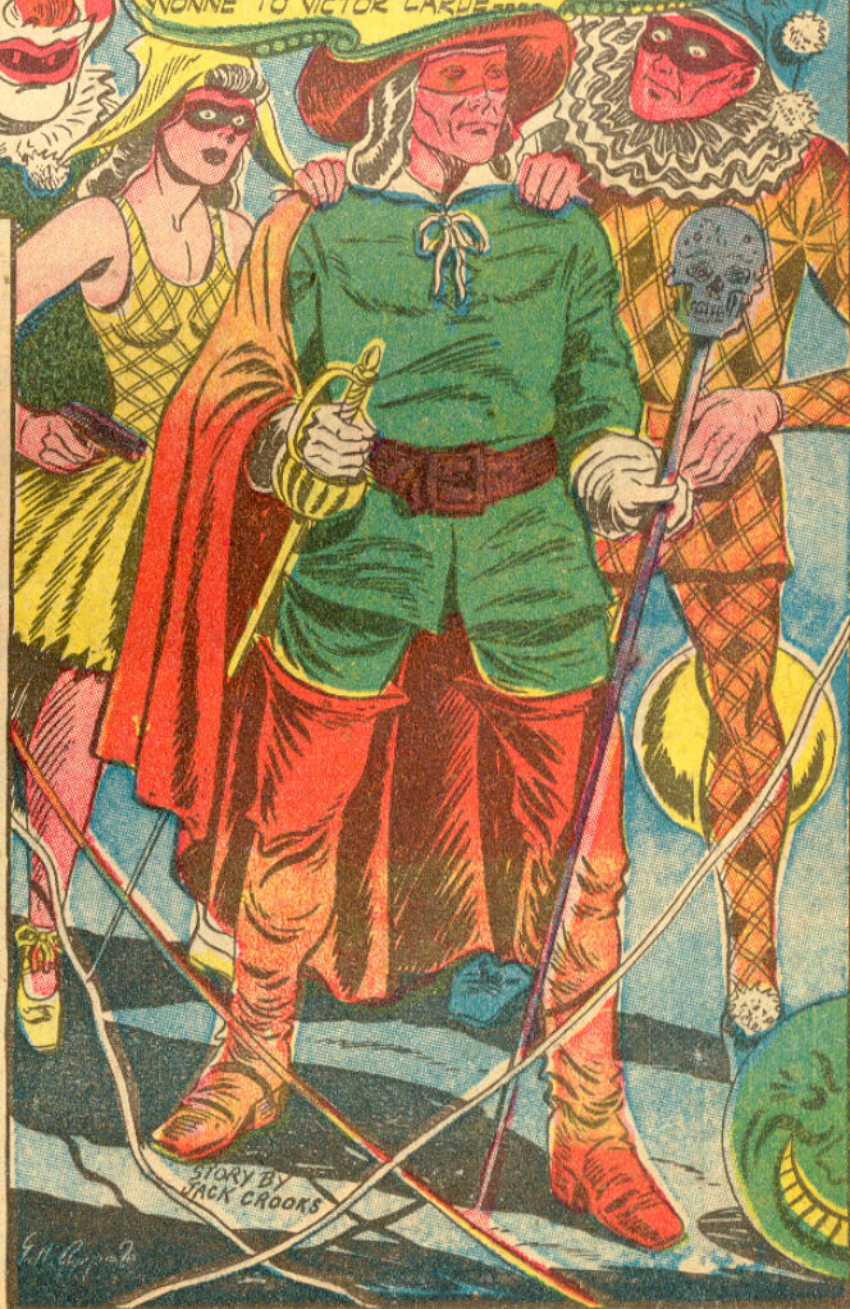


# SATAN

## FURNISHES A BRIDE for HARLEQUIN

NOBODY SAW HIM COME...AND NOBODY SAW HIM GO! THEY DID SEE HIM THERE, THOUGH!...ONE PARTICULAR MAN...TO HIS EVERLASTING REGRET! IT WAS MARDI-GRAS TIME IN NEW ORLEANS! AT THE PALATIAL HOME OF ANDRE SOUCHET, A GRAND BALL IS IN PROGRESS, AT WHICH WAS TO BE ANNOUNCED THE ENGAGEMENT OF HIS DAUGHTER YVONNE TO VICTOR LARUE...

NO ONE COULD ACCOUNT FOR THE SUDDEN FASCINATION SHE EXHIBITED FOR THE EVIL RENE TUSKAN, EITHER.....



STORY BY  
JACK CROOKS



THE REPUTATION OF AN UNSCRUPULOUS ADVENTURER PRECEDED RENE TUSKAN. IT WAS A MYSTERY HOW HE EVER MET YVONNE, YET THERE SHE WAS DANCING WITH HIM, IGNORING HER FIANCÉ UNTIL THE OTHERS THOUGHT SHE MUST BE HYPNOTIZED....



REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU, YVONNE! YOU MUST OBEY ME! I AM YOUR COMPLETE MASTER!



YOU ARE MY MASTER! I WILL OBEY...

YVONNE, I WISH TO TALK TO YOU!

PLEASE DO NOT ANNOY ME, VICTOR! I DON'T WISH TO SEE YOU ANYMORE!



WHY DON'T YOU BEAT IT? DON'T COME WHERE YOU'RE NOT WANTED! LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU!

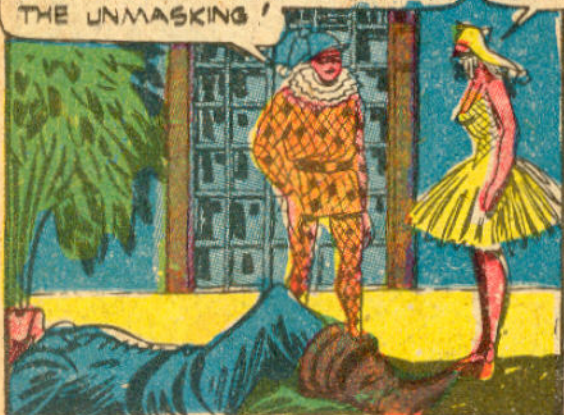
YVONNE! YOU DON'T MEAN IT! YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF! IT MUST BE THE INFLUENCE OF THIS RAT!



SUDDENLY, AS IF FROM NOWHERE.....

I HAVE A BRILLIANT IDEA! INSTEAD OF ANNOUNCING YOUR ENGAGEMENT TO VICTOR, I SUGGEST YOU MARRY ME AT THE UNMASKING!

ANYTHING YOU WISH, RENE! LET'S GO INSIDE!



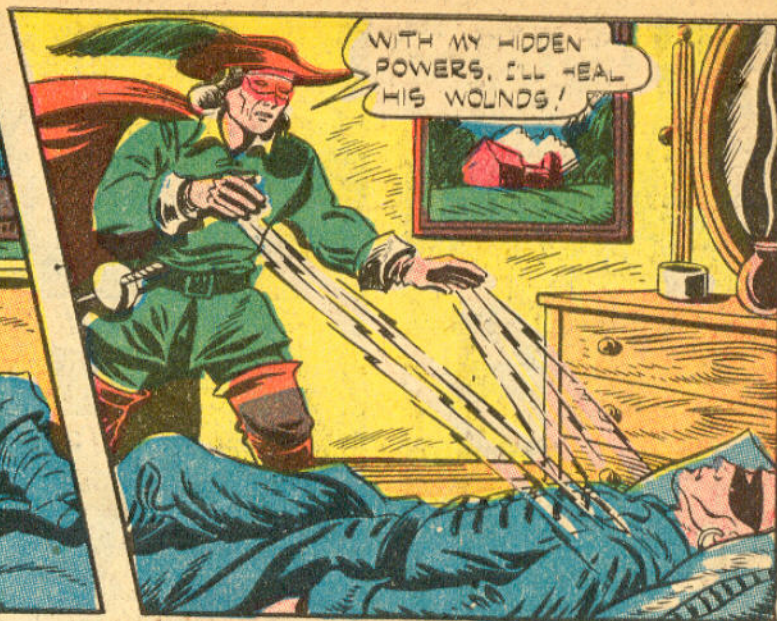
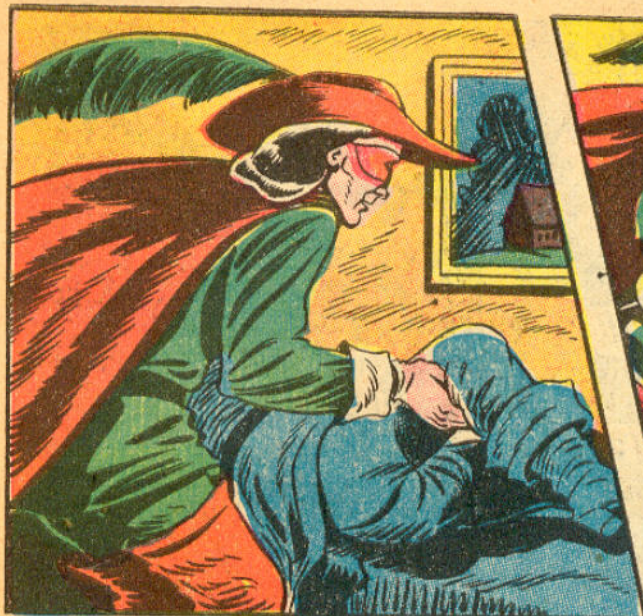












BUT BELOW, IN THE GRAND BALL-ROOM...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I...RENE TUSKAN, ANNOUNCE THAT YVONNE HAS CONSENTED TO BECOME MY BRIDE! WE WILL BE MARRIED IMMEDIATELY BY HIS HONOR, THE MAYOR! AFTER THE CEREMONY WE WILL ALL UNMASK!



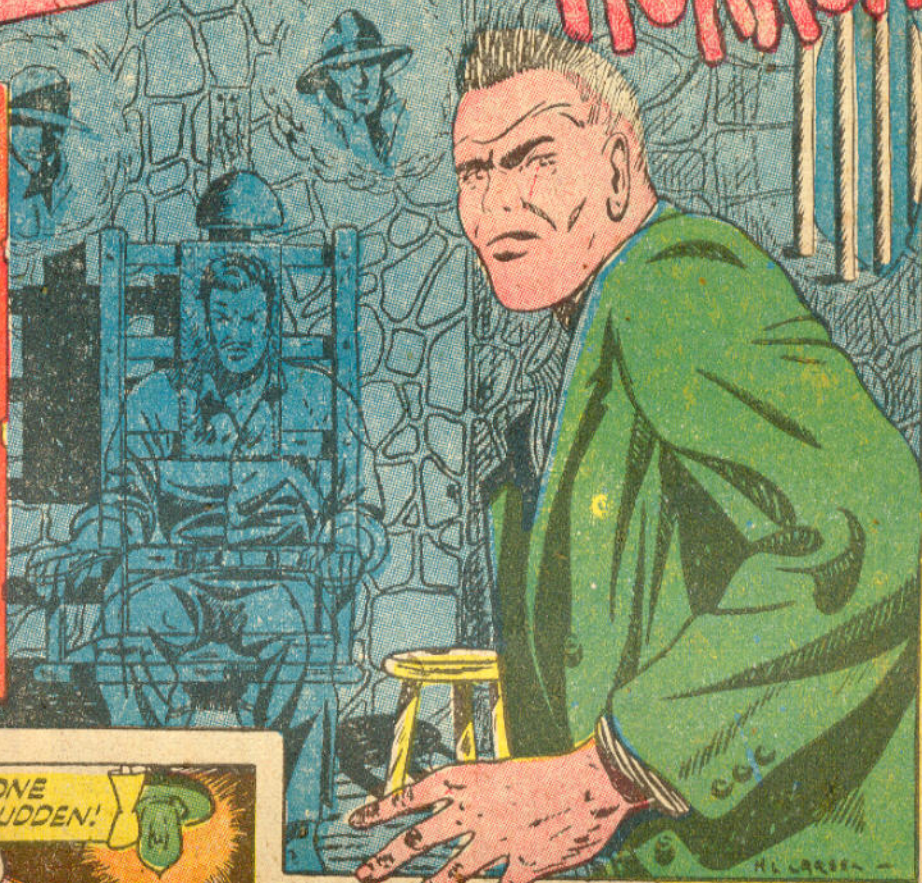






# Boomerang of Horror

**P**EAK DUGAN PLANNED THE SWEETEST LITTLE FRAME-UP IN THE WORLD...OR SO HE THOUGHT! NOTHING GIVES A MAN WHO FEELS SINNED AGAINST GREATER SATISFACTION THAN A DIABOLICAL REVENGE! "PEAK" DESIRED THE CRUELEST OF FATES FOR HIS FORMER CRONY, JOE MORONI, ONLY TO FIND THAT MR. NOBODY WHO LIVES IN EVERYBODY, HAD TOSSED HIM A BOOMERANG OF HORROR!



THE TROUBLE BEGAN ONE NIGHT, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN!

COME ON! THE COPS'LL BE ON TOP OF US ANY SECOND!

FIRST, I'LL LEAVE SOMETHING TA REMEMBER 'PEAK' BY! HOT LEAD!



YOU GAVE US TOO MUCH TROUBLE, WISE GUY! TAKE IT!

OOOHHH! MY ARM!





SHORTLY AFTER, JOE HAS CUT THE HAUL  
BUT NOT TO THE PLEASURE OF PEAK

YOU'RE KIDDING, JOE!  
YOU'RE NOT HAND-  
ING ME THIS CHICKEN  
FEED!

I'M NOT? AND WHAT  
MAKES YOU THINK  
YOU'RE GETTING  
CHICKEN FEED? I'M  
THE BRAINS SEE?



SO YOU'RE THE  
BRAINS EH? WELL  
SEE, HOT SHOT,  
WE'LL SEE!  
NOBODY  
PULLS A  
FAST ONE  
ON PEAK  
DUGAN!

YOU DON'T BOTH-  
ER ME, PEAK!  
WHY DON'T YOU  
BEAT IT LIKE A  
GOOD BOY....  
I'M EXPECTING  
COMPANY!



I BEEN THINKIN  
JOE! YOU'RE  
RIGHT! GUESS  
I'M GETTING  
GREEDY! NO  
HARD FEELINGS,  
JOE HUH?

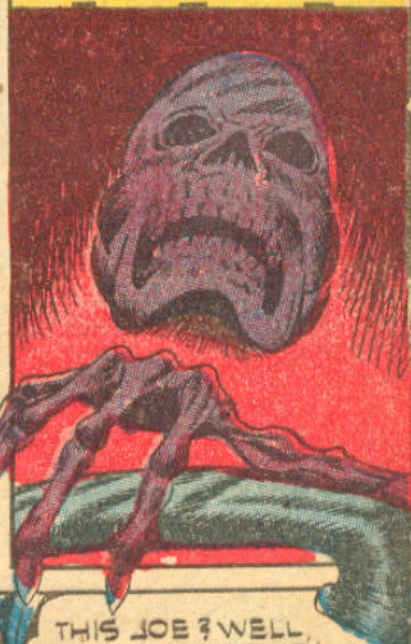
THAT'S  
THE KID!  
NOW YOU'RE  
USING  
THE OLD  
HEAD!  
BE SEE-  
ING YOU  
TOMORROW!



TOO BAD,  
JOE, THAT  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
PEAK IS  
THINKING!

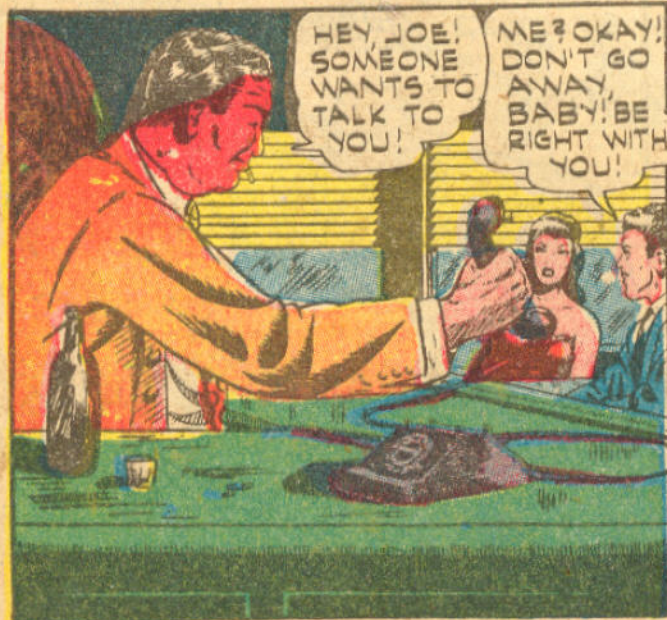


THE NEXT NIGHT WHEN  
JOE LEAST EXPECTS IT!



HEY JOE!  
SOMEONE  
WANTS TO  
TALK TO  
YOU!

ME? OKAY!  
DON'T GO  
AWAY,  
BABY! BE  
RIGHT WITH  
YOU!



THIS JOE? WELL,  
THIS IS A FRIEND!  
SEEMS LIKE A CERTAIN  
ACQUAINTANCE OF YOURS  
GOT HIMSELF A LOAD OF  
HOT ROCKS AND HE'S  
WILLING TO TURN THE  
STUFF OVER TO YOU! YOU  
NAME YOUR OWN PROFIT!

YOU SURE KNOW MY  
HABITS FELLOW!  
WHERE ARE YOU?









YES! THE POLICE FOUND THE DEAD COP AND THE UNCONSCIOUS JOE LYING IN THE ALLEYWAY! JOE WAS TRIED AND SENTENCED TO DIE IN THE DEATH HOUSE!



BUT I'M INNOCENT! I SWEAR  
---- I'M INNOCENT! YOU'RE  
GONNA MAKE ME FRY FOR  
WHAT ANOTHER  
GUY DONE...  
THIS WAY  
COP-KILLER!



A MONTH LATER!

WON'T THEY BELIEVE THAT STORY OF SOMEONE CALLING YOU UP? DON'T WORRY--IF I EVER COME ACROSS THAT DIRTY RAT, I'LL KILL HIM FOR YOU!

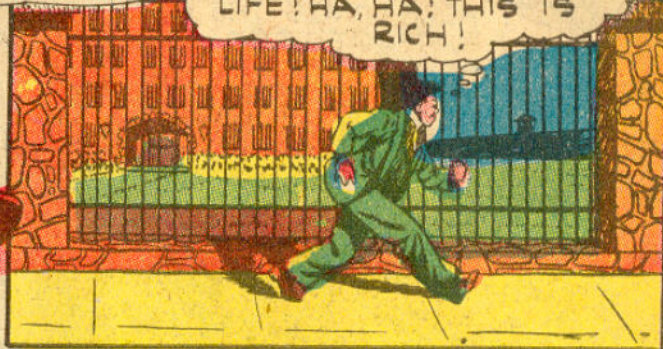
A LOT OF GOOD THAT'LL DO ME!



WHEN IS THIS THING COMING OFF, JOE! WHEN ARE THEY FRYING YOU?

NEXT MONDAY! 11 O'CLOCK! WHAT AM I GONNA DO, PEAK? I'M HALF-BATTY ALREADY!

AND THEN I TELL HIM I'LL TRACK DOWN THE GUY THAT FRAMED HIM, IF IT TAKES THE REST OF MY LIFE! HA, HA! THIS IS RICH!



WHO DONE THIS TO ME? WHO HATES ME SO MUCH? I ONLY GOT SIX DAYS LEFT! SIX DAYS!



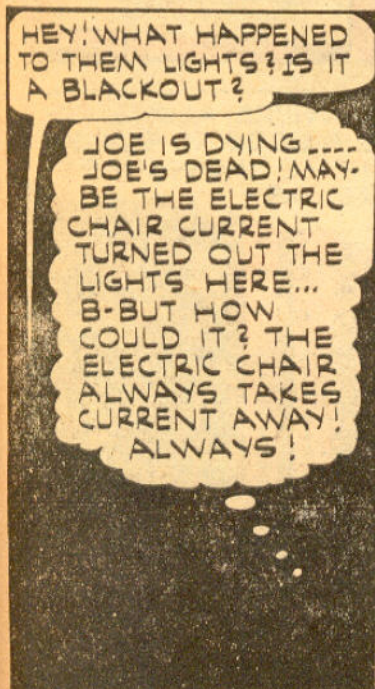
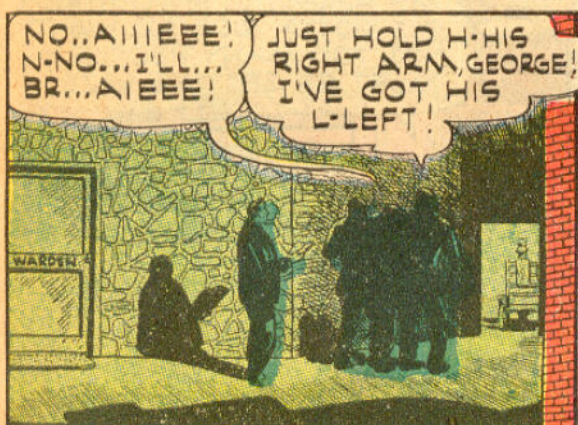
WILL THAT BE ALL, SIR?

NOPE! BRING ME ANOTHER BEER! I'M CELEBRATING, SEE? IT RATES A MILLION BEERS!





AT LAST CAME MONDAY EVENING, THE NIGHT OF A MILLION BEERS FOR PEAK AND A MILLION TEARS FOR JOE!







NOTHING'S HERE! BEHIND MY BACK! SOMETHING'S BEHIND MY BACK! I CAN'T TURN AROUND...B-BUT...I MUST!



HE MUST HAVE RUN INTO THE CLOSET! HE'S IN THERE...I KNOW IT! THE DOOR'S OPENIN'...I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE... HE'S IN THIS ROOM!



BAM!



THE SUBWAY! THAT'S THE THING! JOE'LL NEVER FIND ME THERE! THERE'S PEOPLE AND LIGHTS! PEOPLE'LL PROTECT ME!

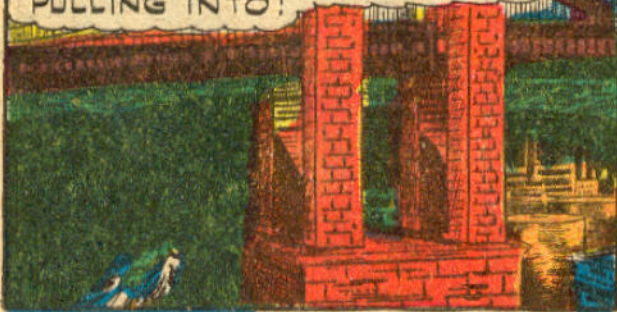
SAY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!



NO SIR...HE'LL NEVER FIND ME HERE! I'LL STAY HERE IF I GOTTA RIDE ALL NIGHT! NOT TOO MANY PEOPLE... MUST BE GETTING LATE!

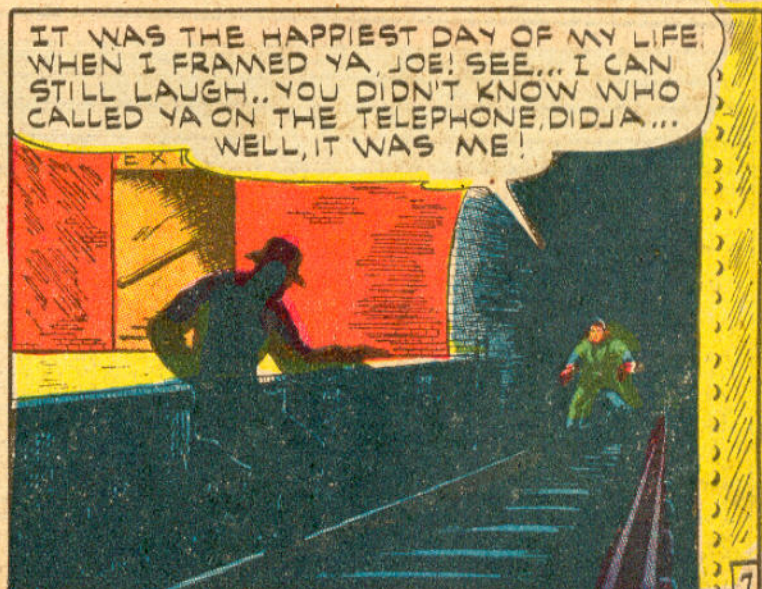
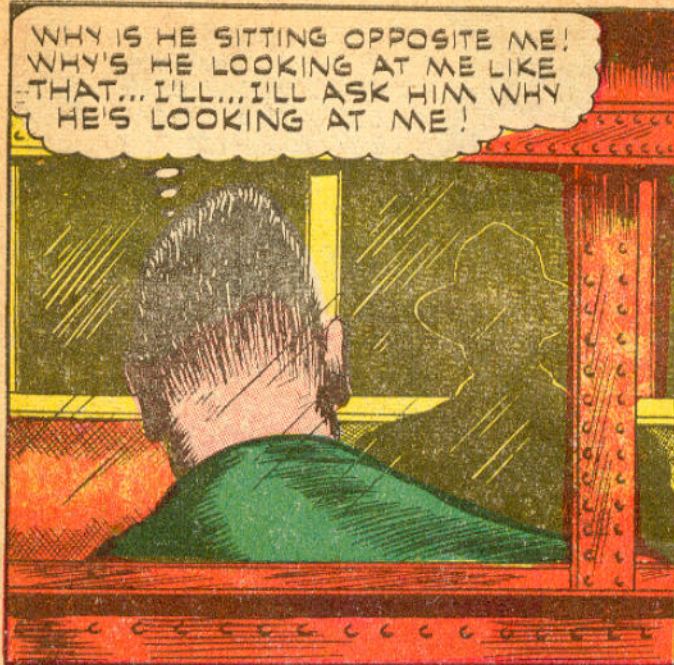
AN HOUR PASSES AND THE CAR BECOMES EMPTY OF ALL PASSENGERS EXCEPT ONE..AND IN THAT PERSON'S MIND A CROWD OF FEARS!

I'M ALL ALONE NOW! WELL, SO FAR SO GOOD..HOPE SOME ONE GETS ON THIS STATION WE'RE PULLING INTO!



THAT MAN...WE'RE ALONE TOGETHER! HE'S LOOKING STRAIGHT AT ME AS IF HE KNOWS ME! HIS EYES..RED AS FIRE!









**THE NEXT DAY AT THE PRISON HOSPITAL**

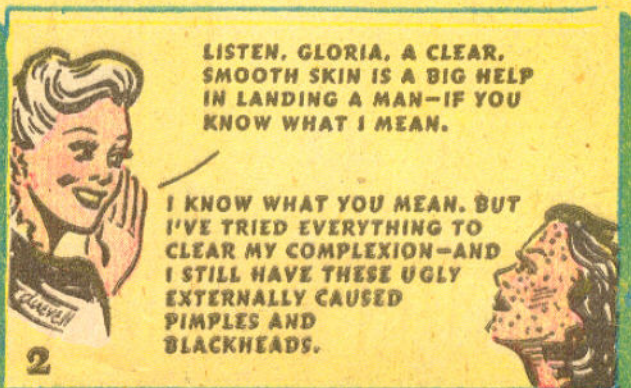
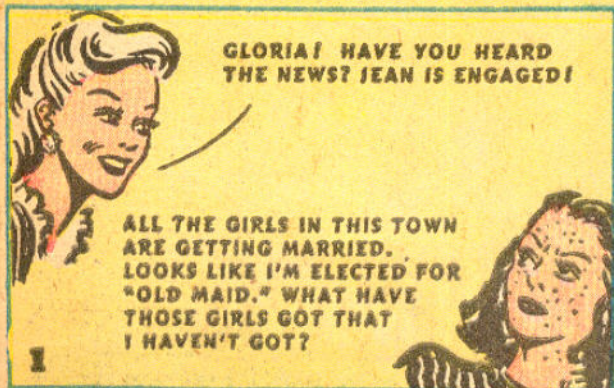


**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933**

of SUSPENSE COMICS, published bi-monthly at St. Louis, Missouri, for October 1, 1944. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared F. Z. Temerson, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of the Continental Magazines, Inc., and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 4, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 557, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Continental Magazines, Inc., 220 West 42nd Street, New York City; Editor, none; Managing Editor, R. R. Hermann, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City; Business Manager, F. Z. Temerson, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City. That the owner is Continental Magazines, Inc., 220 West 42nd Street, New York City. R. R. Hermann, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City; Esther Temerson, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City. That the paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed F. Z. Temerson, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1944. Ray R. Hermann, Notary Public. My commission expires March 30, 1946.



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6	185.00	6	370.00
7	180.00	7	360.00
8	175.00	8	350.00
9	170.00	9	340.00
10	166.00	10	332.00
11	161.00	11	322.00
12	156.00	12	312.00
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Color or		Age Next Birthday.....	
Race.....	Sex.....	Height.....	Weight.....
Describe Occupation		Amount of Ins. Now Carried.....	
Name of Beneficiary.....		Age..... Relationship.....	
Have you ever been denied Insurance?.....			
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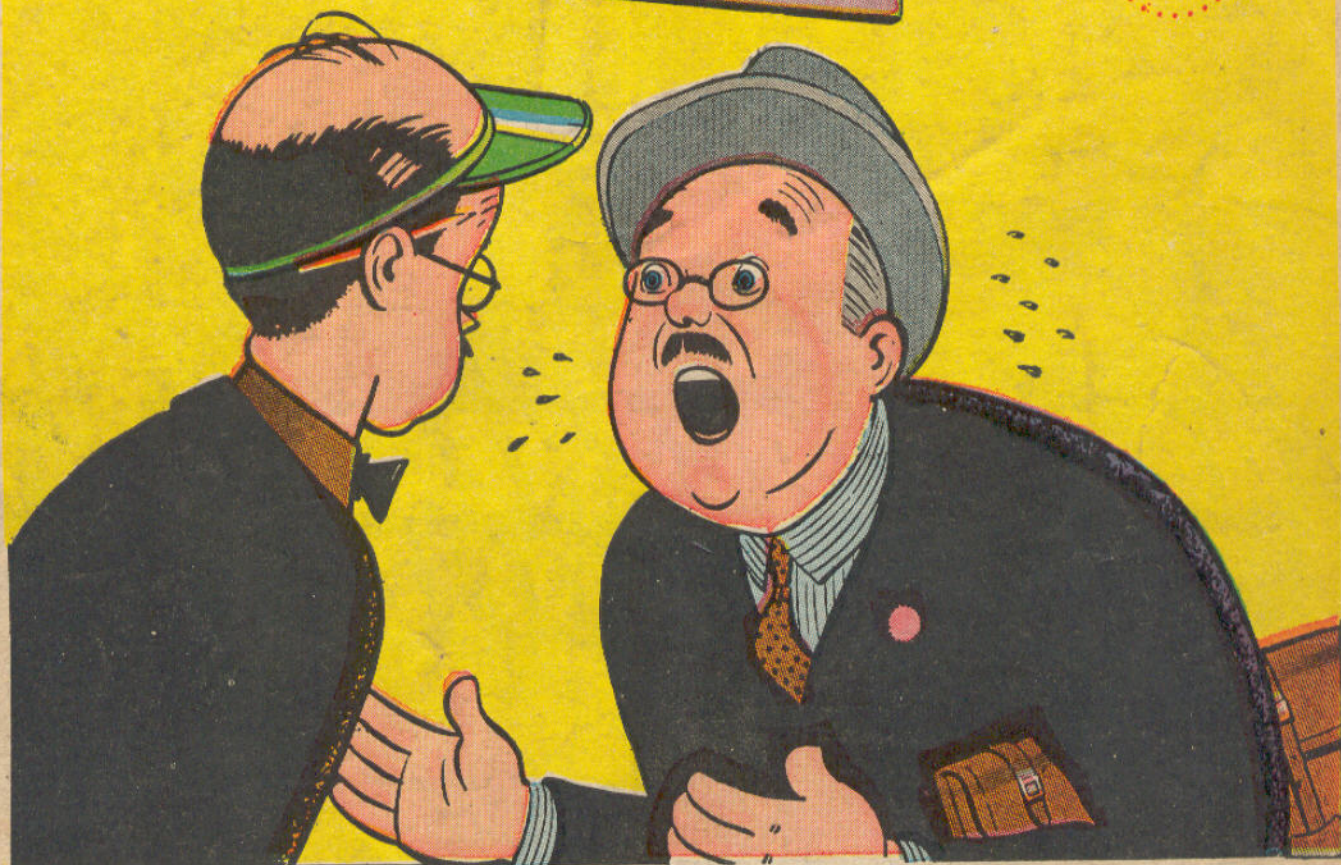
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